APRIL 1951 • 15c

CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

"Crawfie's" intimate story of Queen Mary and Our Royal Family

by Marion Crawford

author of "The Little Princesses"

Beginning a warm personal picture of the world's best-loved family, and a Queen who is a great woman of our time

ANOTHER DEPENDABLE

GENERAL STEEL WARES

PRODUCT

the Beautiful McCLARY WASHER

McClary "Table Top" gas range with speedy "Red-Hed" burners. Insulated oven. Smokeless broiler and a handy utility drawer.

McClary "Miracle Capacity" refrigerator . . . maximum food storage in minimum space. Full width freezer chest. Cold from top to bottom.

Here's another family favourite in the McClary line of home appliances . . . the McClary washer. It will lighten your work, give you sparkling clean washes, for the new McClary has 27 dependable features designed for lasting efficiency. There's an Automatic Timer; just set it, and your clothes will be washed exactly the number of minutes you want . . . "Stop-O-Matic" safety Wringer . . . a big, family size tub, easy to keep clean . . . automatic quick draining pump! And the McClary Washer has streamlined beauty, too. Available in Super Deluxe (as illustrated), Deluxe and Master models. McClary quality has been famous for more than 100 years. See the new McClary "27" now.

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McClary fully automatic electric range. "Clearvu" glass oven doors. Interior oven lighting. Extra wide working surface.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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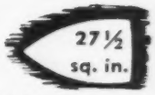
Perfect balance, cool handle, light weight . . . plus its *automatic* feature . . . add up to faster ironing that leaves you as fresh as a daisy. See the G-E Automatic Featherweight Iron next time you visit your G-E Dealer. **$14.50.**

Price subject to change without notice.

A heat control at your fingertips is easy to use, easy to set, easy to check — always cool.



It's faster because extra-large soleplate covers more ironing surface with every stroke.

It's less tiring because of its light weight, perfect balance, cool comfortable handle.

It's faster because it's lighter — only 3 lbs., instead of usual five.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
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Listerine Antiseptic-*Quick!*

attacks infection directly, safely

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, call on Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sniffle or scratchy throat. Its effectiveness and its safety are a matter of record.

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Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions . . . attacks them before they attack you . . . helps keep them from invading the tissue to cause miserable cold symptoms.

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So, at the first sign of trouble, it's Listerine Antiseptic . . . Quick!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. *(Canada)* LTD.

Made in Canada

Kenneth Forbes, R.C.A., distinguished Canadian artist, whose portrait of Queen Mary was painted expressly for our April cover.

HOW YOU CAN SAVE LIFE

A great many of you who start this editorial won't finish it. If you don't—it probably means that you're cowardly. For instinctively you skip something frightening. And cancer is frightening—unless one has the courage to face up to its nature and learn how to fight it.

Fear is the greatest ally of this, the world's second killer. For 3,000 years it has been known as a destroyer of human life. Today our scientists know more about it than ever before. Thousands of skilled technicians around the world are studying it. Millions are spent on trying to conquer it.

Yet, at the moment, the personal fear most of

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BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, C.B.E., Editor; ALMEDA GLASSEY, Associate Editor; GERALD ANGLIN, Associate Editor; A. S. FURNIVAL, Art Director; MARIE HOLMES, Director Chatelaine Institute; MARY JUKES, Consumer Relations Editor; EILEEN MORRIS, Beauty and Fashion Editor; WILMA TAIT Editorial Assistant; CHARLENE CHAMPNESS, Editorial Promotion; JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, Home Planning Editor, ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, Child Health Clinic Editor; N. ROY PERRY, Business Manager; NOEL R. BARBOUR, Advertising Manager; G. V. LAUGHTON, Circulation Director; H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director, Maclean-Hunter Publications.

us experience is the greatest stumbling block to saving life.

Many types of cancer are curable, but only if diagnosed in their early stages, and properly treated. Medical records show that patients survive for five years or more on this scale: 95% of skin cancer if detected early, only 30% if late; 75% of breast cancer if detected early, 20% if late; 80% of cervix of the womb if early, 20% if late; 50% of rectal if early, none if late. These figures prove, beyond a doubt, the necessity of consulting your doctor in time.

Every woman in Canada can play an active part in the conquering of cancer. We can start by facing up courageously to our own fear—and realizing that it's our greatest enemy.

We can carry on by talking more freely and naturally about it, making certain that we have all the information available. It's our duty to see that information is spread throughout our community. The nearest office of the Cancer Society will give the names of speakers for meetings of any kind; and booklets telling what cancer is, what it can do and how we can protect ourselves against it.

This month the people of Canada are being asked to contribute well over a million dollars for the tremendous work of the Canadian Cancer Society. Raising the money won't be the most important indication of the success of the campaign. A personal stand on cancer knowledge by every Canadian is what would mean most. +

Byne Hope Sanders.

HOME PLANNING

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Cover: Portrait of Queen Mary by Kenneth Forbes, R.C.A.

Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean. HORACE T. HUNTER, President. FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President. THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller. EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, London. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada, 1 year $1.50, 2 years $2.50, 3 years $3, 75 issues $5; all other parts of the British Empire $2 per year; United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, $2.50 per year; all other countries $3.50 per year. Single copies 15c. Copyright 1951, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa.

More alertness . . . *less danger from CANCER*

Although cancer ranks second among the causes of death in our country, headway is being made against it. In fact, medical science is making such progress against this disease that there are now *four chances out of five* for curing some types of cancer—provided diagnosis is made early and proper treatment is carried out promptly.

One of the reasons why there is increasing hope of bringing cancer under control is that more and more people are facing the facts about this disease. They are learning its possible early "warning signs" and are seeing their doctor as soon as they notice any of them.

These Are Cancer's "Warning Signs"

1. Any lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Progressive change in the color or size of a mole, wart, or birthmark.
5. Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
6. Any persistent hoarseness, sore throat or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any persistent change in normal elimination.

Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.

These "warning signs" do not necessarily mean cancer. In fact, in the great majority of cases, they are due to other causes. They do, however, indicate that something is wrong—and that an immediate medical examination is advisable.

If the doctor finds cancer or conditions leading to it, he will recommend prompt treatment—usually complete removal by surgery, destruction by X-ray or radium, or by a combination of the two.

Surgical techniques are constantly being improved so that operations for cancer may be performed with a minimum of risk. Machines that emit X-rays of greater penetrating power are making this form of treatment more effective.

Medical science is continuing its search for other ways to attack cancer. For example, hormone therapy is of benefit in some types of cancer, even when the disease is advanced. In addition, the search is on to discover chemical compounds which will destroy cancer cells without harming normal cells. Studies are also continuing on tests to detect cancer early.

While the outlook for the conquest of cancer becomes more hopeful each year, alertness on the part of each individual is still necessary to curb it. That is why doctors urge prompt medical care at the first sign of trouble—for cancer can be cured in most cases if detected and treated early.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 11-1 "What You Should Know About Cancer."

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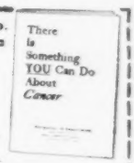


Be a Romantic Beauty

YOUR MAKE-UP IS LADYLIKE

BY EILEEN MORRIS
Beauty Editor

The Great Beauty on the opposite page is Kingston-born Audrey Murray, one of Canada's loveliest photographers' models. You see her face in many advertisements and magazine illustrations. The gracious young mother above is the same Audrey Murray—only here she's Mrs. Bob Murray, proud mother of Robbie, just four and 13-month-old Paula. Audrey thrives on her two careers, believes she is the best customer her baby-sitter agency has. She hopes Paula will become a model some 13 years from now "if she loses a little weight" because "it's a wonderful, interesting business."

The ideal in make-up this season is the fair, feminine face. Your skin powdered to a clear, fine texture; your lipstick, light yet bright; the lifting curve of your cheek touched with rouge; your eyes accented with fragile color.

Make the simple routine of this well-mannered make-up your own. Here it is step-by-step, to put into practice before your mirror.

Choose a face powder and foundation base in delicate, normal shades to veil your skin in smooth color. Your skin may be so pretty it needs only a lightweight base. Or you may prefer to cover imperfections with a heavier, tinted finish. Remember to apply base sparingly, blending the color up to your hairline, out to your ears and well under your chin.

Take plenty of powder on a cotton square and press it over your entire face and throat. Leave it for a minute, then reverse the puff and brush away any excess in downward strokes. Keep powder away from your eyelids; particles tend to catch.

Now that a "delicate flush" on your cheek is essential, apply rouge with extra care. Find the right spot by grinning and make a three-dot triangle in this puffiness. Blend and fade the color to an angel wing. If you are drawing your hair back in the current fashion touch a little rouge to ear lobes.

You should also gladden your eye with cosmetic color.

First emphasize the arch of your brows with short pencil strokes—out, then curving down. To make your eyes seem larger, touch the pencil to the outside corner of the eye in an up stroke that resembles an eyelash.

Eye shadow gives added depth and beauty. Tip a dot of shadow on the lower half of the eyelid near the centre and blend it out, deepening the color at the corner.

Mascara is the final step in eye beauty. Moisten a clean brush with hot water and stroke it along the mascara cake. Keep mascara *on* your lashes and off your face by holding the corner of the eyelid and lifting it slightly as you sweep the color along your upper lashes.

Indispensable last touch is your lipstick. Your lip color follows the natural line of your own mouth. Lipstick shades in present favor are the medium reds, warm pinks and corals . . . perfect companions to the leading fabric colors of mauve, navy, periwinkle and beige. ✦

KEN BELL

Be a Romantic Beauty

YOUR HAIR IS AGAIN YOUR VANITY

BY EILEEN MORRIS

The new beauty is the old-fashioned loveliness. It is romantic and classically feminine. It is the reminiscent beauty of the past that always reappears in time of war and rumor of war.

No other feature will mark your own awareness of this important trend so much as the sweep and direction of your hair. If you would keep in step with style, you will wear it longer, "dressed" in a neat and disciplined style that hugs your head, offers endless variation. Brush it back and pile it high at the crown. Pin it low in a looped chignon or French twist. Part it straight down the back and braid it coronet style. Or twist it in back and bring it forward in loops over each ear. All it takes is a mirror, a handful of hairpins, some patience—and some hair.

This spring your hair can mark you as a beauty in the know. Length, style and color—all are headline news.

If you are one of the lucky few with long tresses—glory in every inch of the stuff. Enjoy the near-forgotten flattery of tortoise-shell combs, of glitter-tipped hairpins. Band your beauty in a length of velvet ribbon, or wear it caught back in a nylon net or pastel veil.

The rest of us must content ourselves with hair out of a box. At that, we'll have fun. Pin-on hair can be worn dozens of ways—and you can't tell it from your own. If you'd rather stay honest but want to stay fashionable too, a short cut can have a long look. Brush it softly back to the nape of your neck. If you're young simply add a bustle bow. If you're not-so, coax each tendril over a hair pad. Pin on a knot of flowers, fake or real. And for evening try a fetching circle-twist of tulle, to match or contrast with your dress.

Now that your hair is fashion's darling, it's more important than ever to keep faith with your daily hair care. The only rule to remember is that longer hair must be kept in line with much brushing and combing, with very thin wave set, with a smidge of hair balm.

If your hair isn't all it could be, examine it critically and find out what's wrong. Is it dry and drab in appearance, with a tendency to thin and fall? Give more attention to your internal health. Eat a well-balanced diet, have a physical check-up and get more sun. At the same time plan an external program. Massage your scalp to tingling suppleness. Before brushing, rub in a little hair cream. Brush your hair gently every day, body bent over, lifting the hair up and out. This stimulates blood circulation to your scalp and coaxes the flow of natural oils. Find—and stick with—the shampoo that leaves your hair really clean, sparkling and manageable.

Are the ends of your hair dry, split, rough to touch? This sad state may trace back to sharp curlers, too-frequent setting, a poor perm, or an oily condition. A fresh tapering of your hair is a good start in solving the trouble. Use of a reconditioning preparation should bring quick improvement. Try cutting your setting to three nights a week. Or put up the ends with ribbon for awhile. Regular brushing will help spread excessive oil evenly along the hair shaft to those dry ends. Take a small strand at a time and sweep it straight up from the scalp. Wipe your brush on a clean towel between sections. If the scalp is oily go over it every day or so with an eyedropper filled with antiseptic lotion. And shampoo your hair to absolute cleanness every seven days.

Continued on page 83

Give your lips the glow of radiant loveliness.
Yardley Lipstick is satin-smooth . . .
colours glow and beguile.
Eight fashion-blending shades
mean the perfect finish to your
perfect Yardley make-up.

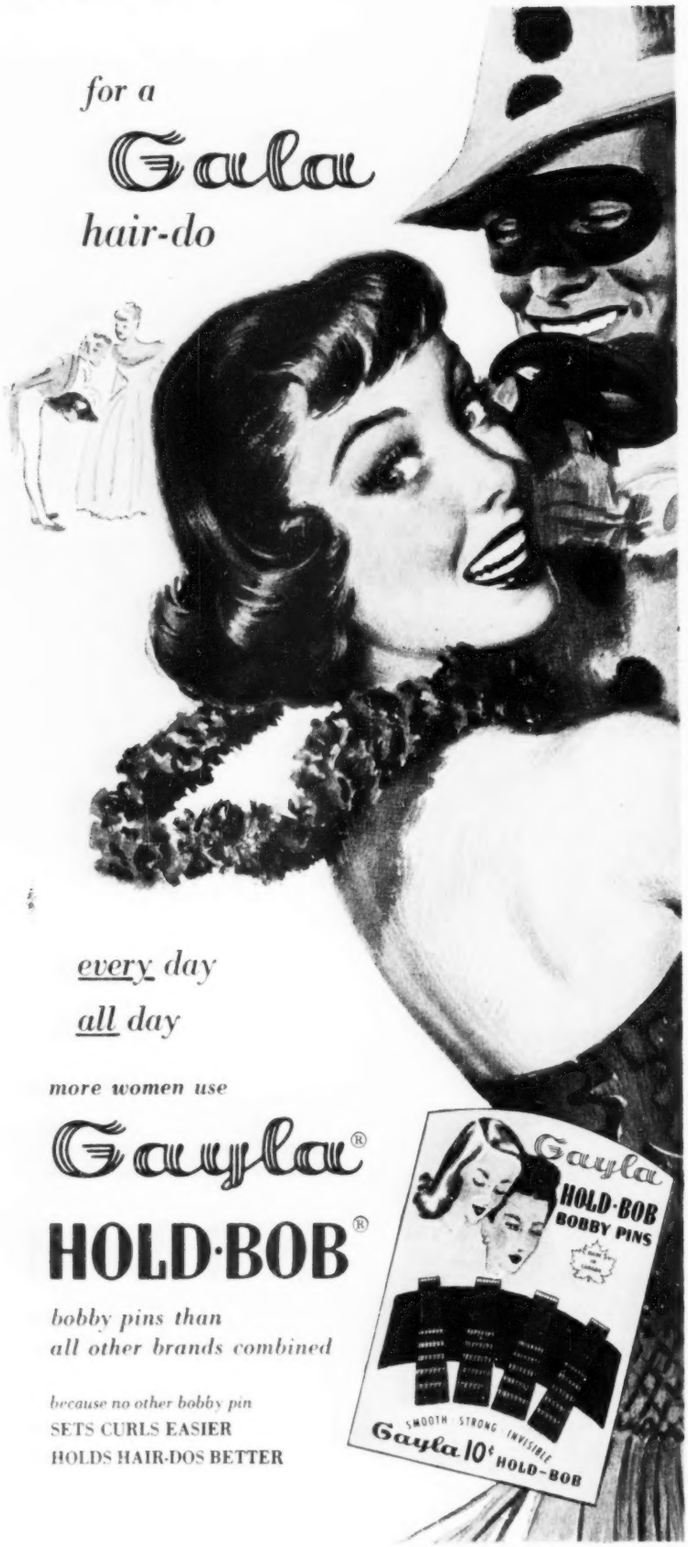
YARDLEY *Lipstick*

Make-up Base $1.25 • Foundation Cream $1.10 • Cream Rouge 75¢ • English Complexion Powder $1.25
Lipstick $1.50 • Refills 75¢ • Eye Shadow $1.00 • Mascara $1.50

for a

Gala

hair-do



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Be a Romantic Beauty

YOU'LL SHOW A FINE COMPLEXION

Under all the art glows a fresh cared-for skin. That's the essence of the latest fashion in beauty. If you feel that your skin can't take all this current attention . . . if you'd like to give it a real spring cleaning before you begin shopping for your new spring make-up—then start today with this simple and sensible program. It is based on two fundamentals—good health and good care.

Let's list the health rules first.

Eat a beauty diet: Get your daily share of fruit juices, fruits, vegetables (plus the green, leafy kind), lots of drinking water. Broil meat instead of frying it and cut out nuts and chocolates till your skin has improved.

Get a full night's sleep every night. Sleep is the best beauty treatment of all for your skin.

Exercise: A brisk walk in the open air, with extra value if there's sunshine. A walk helps you sleep, too.

Have a medical check-up once a year. If you feel under par your skin is apt to look a bit weary. Many skin troubles can be traced to physical ailments, to nerves and tension.

Take the cheerful point of view. We don't ask you to be a Pollyanna. But you *can* avoid those down lines and furrows that come from years spent fighting the world.

As well, your skin needs more than health—it requires care. We divide this care into three steps:

Cleaning. Once or twice a day wash your face with an agreeable soap, warm water and your own two hands. Rinse well and blot dry. A thoroughly clean skin is the basis of beauty and the first step to a ladylike make-up.

Cream-cleanse, too. Modern make-up with an oil base is best whisked off with oil—that is your cleansing cream. Apply it in quick, light up-strokes, paying special attention to the chin and round the nose.

Creaming. Every complexion—particularly here in Canada—needs some lubrication every day to replenish skin oils and to do away with those flaky bits that prick through the finest face powder. *Lift* lubricating cream on in sweeping upward motions. Ten minutes of this massage

Aileen Richardson is a self-taught Canadian artist whose paintings frequently illustrate our fiction. After a session with oils and turpentine she smooths and freshens her complexion with a pad soaked with creamy lotion.

every day helps overcome tiny surface lines. And a soft, nourished clean skin doesn't hold oily dirt in the pores.

Stimulating. To keep your complexion firm and "in the pink" you need a bracer. A splash of cool water is one (ice is too strong a stimulant, by the way) plus a mild skin freshener if your skin is dry, or a more concentrated astringent for normal and oily skins. At night, after lubricating your skin, moisten a cotton square with your bracer and smooth away final traces of soiled cream. Then turn the cotton to the clean side and pat briskly up, up, up to stimulate surface circulation, leave you in a radiant glow.

There they are, the five rules to good health and three steps in good care that will bring you a fine complexion now and through the years to come.

While improving your over-all skin, you may wish to treat some special, troublesome skin problem. Some of these – acne, skin infections, moles, warts –are problems for a skin specialist or family physician to deal with. For others there are definite things you can do.

To banish a blackhead dip a towel into warm-to-hot water and hold it against the face until the skin is softened. This will take about 10 minutes. Then with a blackhead remover (your druggist has them) lift out the oily head. For another minute or two apply a hot towel to soothe the skin.

Whiteheads trace back to careless cleansing and a sluggish circulation. Be loyal to your new cleaning and creaming routine. As well, apply a facial mask once a week.

Coarse texture is often caused by too-enthusiastic sunning or lack of protection in winter weather. Use plenty of cream, and get in the habit of wearing a powder base. When you head for the beach this summer, take along a cream or lotion that will shield your complexion from harmful rays.

Dry pimples with calamine lotion. Use only the lightest cosmetics and no oily creams until the skin clears up. Be sure that everything that touches the skin is clean—hands, towel, powder puffs. ✦

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON

"... and I think Avon lipsticks are sensational!
Sincerely, Claudette Colbert"

Welcomed into Miss Colbert's home, her Avon Representative, Mrs. Nelle Ginthner, helps Miss Colbert make her selection of Avon cosmetics.

"Those creamy Avon lipsticks have such luscious colors," enthuses lovely Hollywood star Claudette Colbert, "and their *lasting* ability is amazing. Any discriminating woman would be proud of the smart case, too."

You, too, may purchase Avon cosmetics and toiletries—all of superb quality yet moderately priced—at your own home through your local Avon Representative.

...Welcome her when she calls!

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Be a Romantic Beauty

THE INTIMATE DETAIL

If there's a single secret of beauty, it's this: devotion to the small, feminine details of grooming. Such elusive and desirable qualities as charm and beauty spring straight from prosaic day-to-day personal cleanliness.

The daily bath, the faithful use of a perspiration check, nails that show care—these and more make up the background of beauty.

Personal care takes time, takes planning—but you are repaid in new poise, real peace of mind, and that well-groomed look.

Where to find the time? We suggest you discover your own methods and routines. Get them down to a system.

This is model Rose Bailey's first appearance in a national magazine. Just 19, she is a graduate of Dorothy Fleming's School For Models. Her Scottish childhood has given Rose a gentle dignity, a delicate blond beauty.

Then build your grooming ritual round your bath, so that along with that daily session in the suds you cover all the basic jobs as they need doing.

Of course you know you cannot look well groomed today unless your skin is smooth as silk. Whisk away feather bits from legs and underarms just before you bathe. (The sleeveless dresses and halter necklines of this summer will bring your armpits right out in public—so do a real clean-up.) For both your legs and underarms pick the method you like best, and time the hair removal according to that method and your hair-growth rate. Wax preparations are painted on while the wax is warm. As soon as it is dry, strip it off in one firm pull against the hair growth. One application lasts six weeks. Cream depilatories contain chemicals which dissolve the unwanted hair and must be repeated every two weeks. When using such preparations follow the manufacturers' directions to the dot. If you prefer to use an abrasive disc or a razor, make it a weekly routine.

For safe and permanent removal of bothersome facial hair—electrolysis. However, if you have only a light down on your peaches 'n' cream, try a mild peroxide bleach, a wax depilatory or an abrasive disc.

Remember that a duty bath can be a beauty bath. A handful of bath salts tossed into the tub before the hot water is turned on fills the room with scent, helps you r-e-l-a-x.

When you have eased into the foam, have yourself a Magic Five cream facial. Dip into your favorite lubricating cream, and with cream-tipped fingers, follow these five basic motions: 1. From chest to chinline. 2. From chin to ear lobes. 3. From mouth corners to temples. 4. *Out* over your upper eyelids, *in* underneath. 5. From the tip of your nose to your forehead, then up and out.

For a few blissful minutes read a book or simply cultivate your soul. End with a businesslike scrub, using a long-handled bath brush, a little nail brush for your cuticle, a pumice stone to lighten those shady heels.

For most of us, eyebrow plucking is a once-in-a-while job. Do it right after your bath, while your skin is cream-softened. Remove any straying hairs from above or beneath, but leave the natural arch *natural*.

The brightness of your teeth puts the dazzle in your smile. How's your cleaning technique? Brush in the direction your teeth grow . . . up on the lower, down on the upper teeth. Have a brace of toothbrushes—one dry, one drying—and retire a brush after three months' mileage.

Nothing mars a woman's daintiness so much as the faintest trace of perspiration odor. Always, after your bath, apply your deodorant. Experiment until you find the right product for you—a cream, throw-away pads of cotton, spray-on liquids or powder. Some simply eliminate odor, while others completely check perspiration.

How often hands are the only flaw in a woman's appearance! Divide your weekly manicure into two parts. First before your bath remove the old polish. Our model shows a new type of polish remover. You dip each finger into the bottle, stroke it against the built-in brush, and your polish is whisked away. Then shape your nails into gentle ovals with an emery board. The warm water will soften cuticle, and leave your nails ready for the flattery of pretty red polish.

You'll find a minute-massage with lotion on knees and legs worth while in overcoming winter dryness. And a pedicure not only makes your feet look pretty for open summer sandals; it saves you nylon catches.

There you have them . . . good little habits that matter a lot. Think of them, not as boresome chores but as the important essentials which make your life a pleasanter, prettier one. ✦

"Be Lux Lovely," says Jane Powell

Here's the beauty care that guards her million-dollar skin

This radiant young star has a beauty tip for you. "My Lux Soap facials do wonders for the skin," says Jane Powell. "I just smooth on the rich, creamy lather and work it well in.

"Next I rinse with warm water, followed by a quick cold rinse. Right away my skin feels so much softer, smoother." *That's because active lather cleanses thoroughly but very gently, too.*

"To dry I pat my face with a soft towel. I can always depend on this easy care for quick new beauty." *See what this Lux Soap care lovely screen stars recommend can do for you!*

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Dorothy Fleming is a woman both brainy and beautiful. One of Canada's most successful models; in recent years she has directed her own school for models. For this issue we asked her to pick a graduate from her classes. You see her choice on page 10

Be a Romantic Beauty

FRAGRANCE STATES YOUR FEMININITY

Use your perfume. A few drops every day cost as little as the daily paper. If you save perfume for special occasions only, you may find that when you finally dust it off, the fine balance of the bouquet has spoiled through alcohol evaporation.

To understand perfume, realize it is an extract—a blend of precious oils with just enough alcohol as a carrier for a balanced aroma. Essential oils without this carrier would be too overpowering to the nose. The amount of alcohol added to that original blend determines the strength of the scent. Perfume has the least amount of alcohol. Next in strength is toilet water. Cologne is lighter again.

How much perfume should you wear? Enough to please you and all those you meet. Enough to keep pleasantly reminding you, as you move through your day, of your own femininity.

We've all had the experience of being overpowered at nine a.m. on a crowded bus by some woman's perfume. Actually, worn correctly and chosen with care, perfume is in good taste at any hour. Some are suitable for any time of the day or night—like a string of pearls. Others—heavy and pungent—are worn best in the evening, with formal clothes. Never douse yourself (as our friend in the bus probably did), thinking to make the aroma last for hours. Rather touch the stopper to pulse spots—your temples, your throat, the inner side of the wrists. Place perfume on the skin where body warmth accentuates the fragrance and keeps it alive.

If you are in the habit of putting perfume directly on the fabric of dress or suit—better change before you stain and spoil some material. Apply it to your skin, or use an atomizer.

Buying perfume is simple. If you

are on a budget shop for dram sizes or purse containers which almost every quality perfume house now offers. Or buy toilet water and cologne—you get a lot of lovely smell at a little price.

Perhaps you are a one-fragrance-forever type; or you may like to flirt with them all. Give the salesgirl some idea of the type of perfume you like best. Single flower fragrances are light and appealing, particularly smart this spring. Woodsy scents are informal, seem tailor made for suits and tweeds. Spice perfumes, perhaps with a floral overtone, are tangy and gay. The citrus group enjoy classic popularity. Heavy, musky orientals are very *femme* for evening. And the floral bouquets are sweet as a flower cart.

Have the girl place a test-drop on your wrist. Do not attempt to judge perfume by whiffing the top of the bottle—that way you catch only alcohol vapors. Wait for a few minutes until the warmth of your skin releases the precious oils. Each perfume makes its own blend with your individual skin chemistry, thus is never quite the same on two different women.

Do not be timid when shopping for fragrance. A drop of perfume to sniff puts you under no obligation; if you don't like the smell say so and try something else. But limit your sampling to three at a time; more than that will confuse your nose.

Surround yourself with an elusive veil of fragrance—and do it economically—by purchasing your chosen perfume in other preparations. Toilet water is true perfume in less concentrated form to spray mistily on your skin. Cologne, the lightest form of liquid fragrance, is a cooling refreshant. Dusting powder and talc dry and smooth you after bathing. Sachet or a stick of scent may be stroked on your skin or may carry your fragrance over to clothes cupboards and drawers.

Find new tricks with scent. A few drops of cologne lend a lasting fragrance in your final shampoo rinse. A pinch of sachet on your hairbrush helps absorb excess oil from your hair. If you want to set some pin curls and have them dry in a flash, moisten the ends of your hair with cologne. Lingerie, blouses, gloves and stockings take on a lingering sweetness when crystals are dissolved in the final rinse water.

Where to keep your fragrance products? Put them out on your dressing table and on the bathroom shelf, so they will be out in view to remind you to use them daily. In looking after your perfume, it's important to keep it away from strong sun and extreme heat. Sunlight can change the color of the perfume. Heat can spoil the balance of the bouquet by speeding evaporation of alcohol.

Whether you are a career girl with a tiny apartment or a wife and mother in a six-room house, you can make your home a lovelier place through the judicious use of fragrance.

Hang a sachet bag on the hook that holds your curtain tie backs, or stitch one on the back of heavy drapes. The first spring breeze will bring a subtle fragrance into the room.

Touch a drop of perfume to lamp bulbs. The heat will waft the scent upward into the room. Whenever the light is clicked on the fragrance will come alive.

Freshen your cupboards, and your clothes, by attaching sachets to your dress hangers. Tuck sachets between sheets and pillow slips in your linen closet, too.

If you are having a Saturday night Canasta party, remember that a few drops of perfume in ash trays help deaden stale tobacco odors.

And watch the patient improve when you spray a few whiffs of tangy cologne in the sickroom. He appreciates its clean freshness, the hint of the out of doors. ✦

you'll make his heart stand still in "Sunny Dream"

...new golden-skin shade with a peach bloom!

MADE IN CANADA

Woodbury Dream Stuff

Like the most flirtatious, feminine hat you ever wore . . . Sunny Dream is an outrageously flattering new make-up shade! Pat it on with its puff and in a twinkling it honeys your skin with a delicate sunlit-look! Warms it with a soft peach glow! Gives you that wonderful golden-girl look! Dream Stuff is not drying or greasy, but a sheer satin-textured make-up. So natural, too! No powdery mask to mar the glow! 5 dreamy shades.

..tint, foundation and powder in one ....only 69¢

She thought her face was clean...

Until she took the "tissue test"!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Dorothy Lamour that *there really is a difference* in cleansing creams. She's co-star of the Cecil B. DeMille Production "The Greatest Show on Earth", Color by Technicolor.

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then we invited her to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her former cream, Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth *dry* skin more effectively. The rich, lubricating oils go deeper—dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Touch your face—it's silken soft!

Do you think *your* face is really clean? Try the "Tissue Test"—and be sure. Buy a jar today—20¢, 40¢, 70¢, $1.00.

(MADE IN CANADA)

Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt

penetrates deeper because it contains ***Penaten***

Be a Romantic Beauty

THE OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUES

Have you ever looked through a family album, and come upon an early print of your grandmother, or great-grandmother—and thought how charming she seemed?

Now, in mid-century, the chignons, complexions, forward bonnets and flower scents of that time are being revived. But while rushing to copy the outward charms, we are ignoring those inner intangibles that were the special fascination of that belle of 1900.

We want to take a moment to talk about those qualities, then let you decide if they have any right to be revived, too.

What were they precisely? Well, take another look at that photograph and you'll discover:

She had tranquillity . . . it lights her whole expression. There is a contentment that few of us know. Let's face it. Since the war—even before—we women have become bundles of nervous energy, working hard, playing hard. Yet vaguely dissatisfied and bored with our lot—and showing it in the down curve of our mouths, the frown furrowed into our brow.

It's a tall order, recapturing the serenity of the woman of 1900 in the turmoil that is 1951. Perhaps we could make a start by relaxing a little, by living instead of dithering. Grandmother knew she was needed, knew that what

Give your hair that thrilling golden gleam!

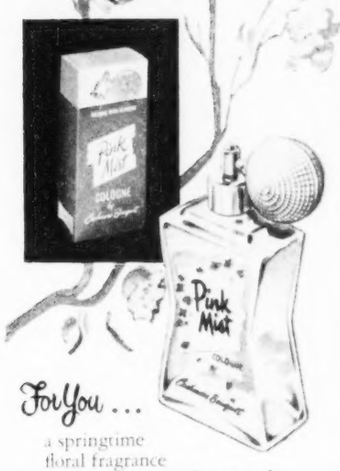
A man's eyes quickly turn to the girl whose hair glistens with gold. *You* can be that girl . . . the thrilling *golden* blonde . . . if you use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Even if your hair is darkened or faded, Marchand's can make it smoothly, evenly blonde again. Whether you are blonde, brunette or redhead, you can trust Golden Hair Wash to give just the effect you desire . . . to lighten your hair . . . or simply add a fascinating golden gleam.

Neither a dye, nor an expensive "treatment," Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is easier than ever to use.

★ Grand for lightening arm and leg hair.

Spring's Pink Mist COLOGNE



For You . . .

a springtime floral fragrance with a restless undertone of new romance.

Pink Mist Cologne with Atomizer $2.25.
(Without Atomizer $2.00)

Cashmere Bouquet
COLOGNE

she was doing was worth while. That knowledge gave her a deep satisfaction and a sense of security. Perhaps we moderns need a personal goal outside of our lives. A concrete objective that brings new point and purpose to life.

There is grace in the curve of her throat, the tilt of her head. And what an old-fashioned virtue *that* is! She wasn't born graceful—it was an art drilled into her from the cradle. And in later years became one of her dearest vanities.

How rarely are you impressed by a woman's grace these days? We *plonk* into chairs. We stride through streets and barge into shops. 'Tis sad but true that we rarely think of hands and feet as part of a graceful picture.

She has a fine carriage. Today even the word "carriage" sounds very out of date. Her straight back came through much practice—and much boning. Now we adore sports, vie for gym honors and wear foundations that are miracles of molding—yet our posture is often poor. We put two strikes against our clothes when we lean on doors and table edges instead of standing up on our two feet . . . when we throw all weight on one hip, and sag through the middle. Sound exaggerated? Catch your reflection in a mirror sometime!

There is moral vigor and strength of character in her level, steady gaze. She lived by a code—one too uncompromisingly rigid for modern life, yet it provided her with a standard, a sure protection. In throwing off the moral dictates of old, some women have swung too far in the other direction. Self-discipline places the responsibility for our conduct on our own shoulders—but surely we can accept responsibility? Too many late nights, an excess of alcohol and smoking add nothing to our character or our looks.

Her face bears the stamp of individuality. She followed fashion as enthusiastically as any of us—but she looks *real*. Sometimes we tend to use cosmetics to wipe away all individuality. And wear clothes with no imagination. It takes gumption to point up our own looks—and resist the temptation to paint on someone else's. To use clips, scarves, pearls and ribbons to give our clothes an individual touch.

She has femininity—that pearl beyond price which is the attribute of every truly happy woman. It is woven of warmth and compassion, of

Continued on page 83

The case of the Designing Bride

Deb Nina Spencer had worn a hundred wedding gowns—in her job as a fashion model. Then James Locke asked, "Will you marry me?"... and she prepared to wear the most important wedding dress of her life. She wanted a gown as radiant as her Woodbury-beautiful complexion. You'd think she would have an easy choice, having "tried on" so many exquisite gowns! Yet when the time came, Nina passed them by—and designed her wedding gown herself!

Satiny gown, satiny skin—thanks to daily facials with Woodbury Soap! "Some soaps dry my skin," says Nina, "but Woodbury smooths!" There's a skin-softening beauty-cream ingredient in every cake.

The skin-softening ingredient in Woodbury Facial Soap is the same used in face creams. It's intended to help replace the natural oils you wash away. Woodbury is wonderful for beauty baths, too!

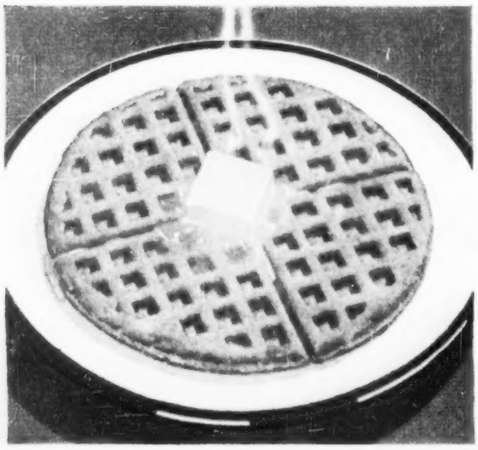
(MADE IN CANADA)

Woodbury Facial Soap

with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient
. . . for the skin you love to touch

Good Luck's flavour is sweeter, fresher!

That's because Good Luck is sweet-churned daily!



No other spread can match the wholesome, *spring-sweet* flavour of Good Luck Margarine . . . that special flavour only Good Luck's exclusive sweet-churning can give.

Whatever you try Good Luck on — toast, bread, hot vegetables, pancakes — you'll notice its wonderful difference *immediately*.

Get pure, wholesome, sweet-tasting Good Luck today. You'll love the wonderful, *fresher* flavour, appreciate what a fine, economical food it is — and, remember . . .

Good Luck is good for you and your youngsters. No other spread contains more Vitamin A and wholesome nourishment!

Get **GOOD LUCK**

◄ *Foil-wrapped for extra freshness!*

◄ *Twin bars for extra convenience!*

◄ *Two handy colour wafers!*

CANADA'S LARGEST-SELLING MARGARINE!

From babyhood up, Grannie was to watch Princess Elizabeth's training with care.

The Story of Queen Mary

AND OUR ROYAL FAMILY

By Marion Crawford ("Crawfie")

Chatelaine is proud to present in this and four succeeding issues the warming story of the world's best-loved family, and the Queen who gave royalty new meaning for a democratic age. Written by the famous biographer of "The Little Princesses" and

Beginning on the next page

Prince Charles turned his back to the camera and still stole the show in this family scene at Buckingham Palace, at the christening last fall of her tiny Royal Highness Princess Anne. Despite three decades of such formal, royal functions, Queen Mary says, "I have never been bored in my life."

Marion Crawford has known Queen Mary for 19 years, ever since "Crawfie" first became private tutor at 22 to "The Little Princesses." She has had a unique chance to study the Queen she describes as "much more than a figure in a historical pageant; she is a great woman of our time."

The Story of Queen Mary PART I

The Queen has "Crawfie" in to tea—at precisely five o'clock—and takes the Princesses tiger hunting in a royal trophy room

IF EVER I had to make a decision that would affect me or anyone dependent on me, if ever I were in difficulty or distress of any sort, of all the women in the world I would go straight to Queen Mary."

That tribute was uttered by a woman whose good fortune it had been to serve her Majesty Queen Mary, as Princess, as Duchess, as Queen and Queen Mother for many years.

I repeat it now, at the beginning of my story, because it is as true for me as it is for everyone who has enjoyed the privilege of being associated with Queen Mary.

It must essentially be a love story, not only because it is written in affection but much more because mutual love between the Royal Family and the British people is the keystone of the institution of monarchy as we now know it.

And I feel it is not a story that ought to be begun at the conventional beginning. Birthdays and dates of coronations, jubilees, wars and other great events may help us to see in some sort of perspective the vast arch of history that her useful life has spanned. But Queen Mary is much more than a figure in a historical pageant; she is a great woman of our time.

It must have been very soon after my first meeting with Queen Mary, nearly 19 years ago, that she said to me: "My help at any time is always at your disposal, as you know."

Since then I have not hesitated to take my problems to her—and not only the problems that arose in the course of my work, but even the little everyday difficulties that affected me alone. And she has never failed to be gracious, sympathetic and actively helpful.

"My dear," she would say, putting a hand on my shoulder, and then, from the wisdom of her long experience of men, women and things she would give me the advice and encouragement I needed.

When I close my eyes and imagine Queen Mary's voice, the words I hear are "My dear!" They are so characteristic of her, and full of meaning.

PRIVILEGES I SHALL CHERISH

To Queen Mary I am indebted for countless acts of kindness. Letters of encouragement, a treasured sprig of white heather that is a memento of one of my first meetings with her, the plan of my cottage garden, the very pictures on my walls speak to me of her kindly interest. It is in gratitude that I am setting out to write about her, not only in the light of my own experience, but also from the testimony of others who have known her.

There are not many books about Queen Mary and none that traces her life through the whole of her 84 years.

Her voice—a very beautiful voice by the way—has never been heard on the radio. To have talked with her, to have listened to her, and sat at her table are privileges I shall always cherish. For instance, I was often with Queen Mary when she was at work making the wonderful needlepoint carpet that she made to be sold in North America as a contribution to the export drive, and for which the IODE in Canada has offered to raise $100,000.

When you see Queen Mary's Standard flying over Marlborough House, the square-fronted, red brick building which faces St. James's Park, across the Mall, in sight of Buckingham Palace, you know that Queen Mary is at home.

Almost any afternoon or evening, if you stand in the Mall and wait a little while, you may see a large and unmistakably Royal car come through the gates. Sitting erect and well forward in the body of the limousine, so that she can see and be seen, Queen Mary acknowledges salutes with a gracious inclination of her head.

I have often waited there, not in the hope of seeing her Majesty's car, but in the certainty that in a few minutes, at a very precise moment, I would be walking through the gates and in at the front door, in response to Queen Mary's invitation to "take tea with her."

The invitation was always in the same form. A note would come from Queen Mary to me at Buckingham Palace to say that she would like me to come to Marlborough House to tea at 5 p.m. on a certain day. She hoped this would be convenient and would I please telephone at once to her lady-in-waiting.

Herself the soul of punctuality, Queen Mary likes to have all communications acknowledged at once. I have known her lady-in-waiting to ring me at Buckingham Palace to ask whether I had

"Shall we see the block where they used to chop the heads off?" asked Margaret Rose excitedly as one of the weekly "little excursions" with Grannie began. On this occasion, however, the sightseeing goal was the London docks; and despite her years the longest outings never tired Queen Mary.

Continued on the following page

Queen Mary and the Princesses drive in a state carriage to witness the trooping of the colors at the Horse Guards Parade, on the King's Birthday. She has always tried to instill in the children a sense of the history happening about them. As for history past —she believes in memorizing dates.

The Story of Queen Mary

(continued)

received a letter which Queen Mary had sent me by hand only two hours before.

Not that there was any likelihood of any letter of hers lying unrecognized. The name "Queen Mary" was always at the left bottom corner of the envelope.

On the appointed day I would dress with great care. Queen Mary herself is always so exquisitely dressed that I always felt nothing but my very best would do on these occasions. In the 19 years I have known her I have never seen her in a dress that looked as though it had been worn more than once. Her clothes never show the slightest crease, one reason being that she never lounges in a chair but always sits upright. And she prefers a hard chair. Everyone must have noticed her love of delicate pastel shades. She avoids black, probably because she has had to wear black so often at periods of mourning for near and distant relatives.

So when I dressed to go to tea with Queen Mary I would lay out all my things on my bed —flawless stockings, gloves, handkerchiefs, handbag and shoes. Then I would give myself plenty of time to dress.

Marlborough House is only five minutes walk from Buckingham Palace but I always had a haunting fear of being late. I would leave the palace at 4.40 p.m., and exactly at 4.45 p.m. would be standing in the Mall, looking at the gates of Marlborough House, and at Queen Mary's Standard flying above. The flag seemed to have a special message for me: Queen Mary was at home, expecting me for tea!

I used to be a little angry with myself for being so early, but I could not help it. Then began a routine that never varied.

"HER MAJESTY IS WAITING"

I would gaze across the Mall to the clock on St. James's Palace to make sure that I had made no mistake in the time. Then I would make sure that the gates of Marlborough House were still there, with the sentry and the policeman in their places. Reassured, but still a little anxious, I would turn and walk slowly up St. James's Street, to stop always at a shop window whose contents I knew by heart.

At 4.50 p.m. precisely I would walk down St. James's Street, across the Mall and into the gateway of Marlborough House, where the policeman, who knew me, and was expecting me, would wave me on. Then slowly I would walk round the short, curving drive to the front door, which swung open as I came to it, at five minutes to five.

Not until the door was quite open would I see the uniformed footman, who took my coat and carried it as we walked along the corridor, remarking what a nice or nasty day it was.

During World War I Queen Mary pioneered the women's services, became honorary commander of the WAACS. Here she confers with daughter, Princess Mary, who joined VAD.

"The darling girl consented to be my wife," the future King George V wrote in his diary, "I am so happy." The honeymooning Duke and Duchess of York pose with Queen Victoria.

When the Royal family appears in public, as here before Buckingham Palace, a special cheer is always raised for Queen Mary.

A long, elegant, straight staircase led up to Queen Mary's private rooms. At the top of the staircase, waiting for me, was Queen Mary's own personal footman. As I put my foot on the top step, the clock on St. James's Palace would strike five very solemnly, and the footman's eyes and mine would meet in silent appreciation of my perfect timing.

As the last stroke of five died away he would say, "Her Majesty is waiting"—upon which he would open the door to the sitting room where Queen Mary stood, facing me.

I would curtsy to her as soon as I entered the room. Then this smiling, gracious lady would step forward to welcome me with a handshake. I would curtsy again and kiss her hand, with which she raised me so that she could kiss my cheek. A third curtsy completed the formal but to me very delightful greeting.

"Let us have tea first, and then we can have a talk," Queen Mary would say, walking with me from the sitting room, hung with grey-blue silk, to a smaller and very lovely room where tea had been laid on a little round table. In summer this table stood near a window, in winter near the fire.

Queen Mary's tea table, although I saw it often, never failed to give me a thrill of pleasure. The table was covered with an exquisite linen cloth, edged with lace; the cups, saucers and plates were of a beautiful ✦ *Continued on page 56*

Next month, Crawfie tells how the young Queen Mary found herself "banished" with her mother, the impulsive, unpredictable Duchess of Teck.

John McClelland

BY EDNA DEU PREE NELSON

TOMORROW IS A LOVELY DAY

Lois Atkins stood at a porthole looking toward Singapore. The sun was rising and a pageant of color paraded across the sky, now pale rose ruffled with chiffon clouds.

On the blond-wood desk of her cabin were flowers and other gifts, but she hadn't been able to settle down to thank-you letters. Things had moved quickly after Bob wrote her to come to Singapore. Not until after the ship sailed last night had she begun to realize the marvelous new life she was going into. Now it was happening and she was on the way.

Turning from the porthole she took her pale blue knit from a drawer of the chest and dressed hurriedly as if she were late for something important. She snatched up her black scarf and fastened it with the gold dancing-girl pin that Bob had sent to her from Malaya when he arrived there six months ago. Her fingers trembled. She fumbled getting the strap of her black bag over a shoulder.

On deck she walked rapidly up and down near the railing. A school of flying fish shot up out of the sea and a moment later plunged like silver scimitars into the green waves. The air was sharp and fresh.

It was like holding the winning sweepstake ticket. Instead of Bob coming back home after six months, she was going to him. They would live in Singapore. Bob's banking firm approved of the way he had organized the Singapore branch and they had asked him to stay on and supervise it and open other branches in Malaya and Siam. It was a wonderful opportunity for anyone as young as Bob. The salary was magnificent, the sort that one dreams about, and with it went a house, food allowance, servants and cars.

When Bob's letter arrived telling her to come out, she hadn't wasted a moment. The inexpensive furniture in the modest flat went into storage. "You will have plenty of servants," Bob wrote. "You can do the house over the way you want it, and furnish it completely."

She had always wanted to do a house over.

"The place is as big as the Taj Mahal," Bob said. "Too large for us, but the only house vacant in Singapore."

Size didn't matter, not with plenty of servants. There wasn't anything to renovating a house if one had a staff of servants, and heaps of money. She would make it the handsomest house in Singapore, filling it with guests until it wouldn't seem big enough. She and Bob would have dozens of new friends. Often she had read about the cordiality of the Europeans in the Far East.

Bob's last letter to her had come the day before she sailed. She took it from her handbag and sitting on the footrest of a steamer chair, she reread it, trying to picture the palace of the Sultan where Bob had dined. The Sultan wore a yellow silk sarong that would have made Dorothy Lamour's look like sackcloth, while the diamond eardrops worn by the Sultana reached almost to her shoulders.

She would dine with sultans. In her black chiffon and a string of pearls, the wedding gift from Bob, the pink silk facing of her petticoat fluttering about her feet like rose petals, she would walk across the palace floor.

Bob's letter also spoke of Penang where he had met businessmen from Bangkok and Ceylon.

She would see Penang with Bob, and perhaps Ceylon, where one could buy moonstones for a dollar from native dealers who brought trays of them to the ships. She took her map out of her bag and looked up Penang and Ceylon and Bangkok.

The breakfast bell rang. She sat staring at the map.

On a Thursday, three weeks later, the ship reached Singapore. Fronting the jade-green sea was a long pier of one-story sheds, behind them on a grassy hill coconut palms and banana trees watching the ship come into port. Above the palm trees the hot sky was a hard bright blue, like the color of the shirt a man on the pier was wearing. His trousers were white, he carried a coat over an arm and a panama hat shaded his face which he kept wiping with a white handkerchief. Surrounded by dark-skinned natives, he was like a white bean in a pot of black beans, as he scanned the decks for someone.

It was Bob.

She was shocked to see him so thin. She called to him, but he didn't hear above the noise made by the coal barge that was discharging at the next pier. She kept waving to him until he saw her. When he removed his hat and waved back she had a better look at his face. She found a handkerchief and wiped her eyes, but the tears kept welling up.

You see someone you love ✦ *Continued on page 40*

You see someone you love after a long time and you realize all of a sudden how much you have missed them. "I'm so glad you're here," he said, hugging her hard.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

BY BEULAH FAWCETT
as told to John Caulfield Smith,
Home Planning Editor

MY HUSBAND REMODELED OUR KITCHEN

Beulah Fawcett says this is one "before" photo that's an understatement. Large picture shows finished kitchen, featuring corner bel[illegible]

I know you'll like our kitchen. And if you're interested in renovating your own kitchen, I'm sure you'll reap a harvest of eye-catching, work-simplifying, step-saving ideas from studying ours.

My husband Elwood did the remodeling almost entirely by himself as an anniversary present. We've been married five years, and live in Toronto. While we think of ourselves as being a modern-minded couple, with lots of outside interests, our lives centre around our home.

This doesn't mean that we have a large, ambitious place. It's just a small frame cottage, one story high and the kitchen is no more than average size—about 13 feet by 15 feet.

Looking at the results it's hard to believe Elwood did everything himself except lay the wall tile and linoleum and do the plumbing and wiring. A machinist by trade, he's strictly an amateur carpenter. The only previous experience he'd had was putting up some cupboards

The right spices appear at a finger touch on Beulah's corner "Lazy Susan." There's another "Susan" below.

Sliding rack holds Beulah's pots and pans and even bigger utensils like her pressure cooker.

Husband Elwood did all cabinet work, got specialists to wire stove, move sink and lay floor. Desk makes kitchen Beulah's office as well as workshop.

for my mother—but I think you'll agree a professional could be proud of our renovated kitchen.

We chuckle when we think of how the room originally looked—far worse than the "before" photographs indicate. The floor was badly worn and the plaster was checked and cracked. A big, old-fashioned wood stove stood against one wall, a primitive sink against another. There was little storage space, all of it inconvenient.

Elwood and I planned the kitchen together over many evenings. More than anything else we desired a kitchen that would be an inviting, vital part of the house, not just a glorified workshop.

You'll notice one unusual thing about the layout. The sink, instead of being located in a counter ✦ *Continued on page 67*

If you'd like working drawings of the "built-ins" featured in the Fawcetts' kitchen, see page 68.

Kitchen couch is where Beulah does mending (sewing kit hides under rear panels), where hubby flops to read paper while she gets dinner. Compare corner before (right).

Elwood waxes slides of pull-out shelf containing glass lids set in angled groove.

Beware the casual

brush-off, the careless

words that wound.

Linda heard them once too

often—and never

came back again

Linda dreamed happily as she worked in the soft earth. Perhaps by the time these seeds had sprouted she and Flip would be married.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARE SHRAGGE

BY HARRIET SHIEK

RUN ALONG, DARLING

June sunlight filled the kitchen as Gen started to prepare breakfast. Usually she opened the back door and stepped outside for a moment, just to taste the new day; but she hadn't done that for five days now.

This morning, when her hands reached into the cupboard for cereal bowls, they wanted to take out four instead of three. But that fourth bowl wasn't needed. Linda didn't live here any more. Linda was Mrs. Philip Jarrett now. Gen couldn't believe it yet. Her 17-year-old daughter married? Gone?

Standing there, holding the dishes, Gen remembered that phone call from Linda five days ago. "I'm calling from Hill City, mother," Linda had said. "We . . . Flip and I just got married. I didn't tell you because I knew you'd stop me. We'll be back next Thursday and please don't worry, mother. We know what we're doing. We're going to live at the Jarretts. 'By, mother. I'll see you Thursday."

Just like that.

Today was Wednesday. Tomorrow Flip and Linda would be back. And Flip's parents, those unknown Jarretts, would be taking Linda into their home.

I wanted her to marry some day, yes! Gen thought with sick disappointment. But not so young. And not like this. She isn't ready for the work and worry and problems of marriage. And a 20-year-old boy isn't ready either.

Gen liked Flip. He was a tall friendly boy with curly brown hair and honest brown eyes. Linda, so blond and pretty, always seemed to have a special shine in her eyes whenever she went out with him. It had been obvious that they were falling in love. First love. Every girl had to fall in love a first time. But that didn't mean she was ready for marriage.

Darling, Gen thought, why didn't you wait? Why?

Slowly, her heart filled with the unanswered question, Gen set the three cereal bowls on the table.

When Paul came into the kitchen, breakfast was ready. Carol came tagging along behind him and said, "Morning, mother and daddy." Paul, so solid and broad-shouldered; Carol, wearing a dress instead of jeans, and her pigtails as neat as nine-year-old hands could make them. Her small round face looked shiny from scrubbing and so eager to please. She was trying to take Linda's place by looking and acting older.

They sat down at the table and Paul smiled at Carol as he unfolded his napkin. "Hey, you sure look nice this morning, honey. Almost grown up."

"Oh, I'm tired of jeans anyway, daddy." Carol ate silently then, absorbed in her own thoughts, as Linda used to be. Looking at her, Gen thought, Don't *you* ever do what Linda did, darling. I couldn't stand that.

"Mother," Carol asked, glancing up, "would you show me how to use the sewing machine today? I want to make a dirndl skirt like Teena made."

"Why, I'll make it for you, honey. Out of that blue print material I've got. Would you like that?"

Carol nodded. "Sure, mother. That'll be all right."

After breakfast Paul hesitated at the door. He kissed Gen good-by, held her a moment longer than usual, then said, "I'll take the bus, so you can have the car . . . in case you decide to go see the Jarretts."

Gen drew away from him.

"It's your last chance, Gen, before Linda comes back."

"But Paul, I told you . . ." She saw him frown. But he must know how she felt! She'd told him over and over.

He kissed her again, said, "Well, I'll leave the car anyway," and went out the door.

She stared after him for a moment, then automatically went to the table and started clearing it.

At the sink Carol washed jam off her fingers. "Want me to help with the dishes, mother?"

"Oh, you run along, darling." Gen smiled at her. "It's so nice out. Why don't you go to the park and play? I'll pack a lunch for you. Maybe Teena can go with you."

Carol went out on the back porch, down the sunlit steps, then across the yard to the house next door, to Teena, her best friend.

And Gen, making peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for Carol and Teena, was left alone with her thoughts. Paul shouldn't insist that she go to the Jarretts. They were perfect strangers and she didn't want to know them—not yet. They had come to see Gen and Paul the night of Linda's phone call. But Gen, lying in bed, weak with ✦ *Continued on page 35*

First, your gown — and here's the cleverest innovation in years.

Next, the wedding itself — and here's the world's foremost brides' counsel to give you vital pointers.

And then — oh, yes . . . the groom. Just make sure he doesn't lose the license

LET'S PLAN YOUR WEDDING

BY CLAIRE DRIER

as told to Mary Jukes

The convertible wedding dress was the most exciting fashion idea discussed in New York recently when 12 brides' consultants gathered to exchange the latest news on wedding gowns and weddings.

I was one of those brides' consultants and it seemed to me that the convertible gown was the cleverest, as well as the most practical innovation I've seen in my 12 years' experience.

I have dressed brides in every imaginable kind of wedding gown from the billowing, veiled cathedral spread, to the simplest little organdie digit. I have personally directed thousands of weddings, and in the process I've accumulated a raft of "do's" and "don'ts." With the spring wedding rush coming on, I would like to pass some of these handy tips on to Chatelaine brides, along with news of the most recent trends in wedding gowns, veils and materials.

Let's talk about the gowns first.

Today's brides are bigger, healthier, more athletic and more practical than their mothers. Very few of them have the waistline or the inclination to carry on the old tradition of the handed-down wedding gown. They know so much better than their mothers did what they'll be living on after the ceremony. They need a bridal dress that may be worn again, not by their daughters, but by themselves, and particularly on the first night out with their new husband.

That dress is here, and has been designed along the lines of the most formal cathedral gown right down to the simplest little organdie number.

The necessary magic in a convertible ✦ *Continued on page 52*

The convertible wedding dress (left) *was the most exciting fashion idea discussed when 12 brides' consultants gathered in New York. With net overdress and veil removed* (above) *gown becomes a classic dinner dress for the bride's first party. Everett of Eaton's designed it.*

Claire Drier's wedding bureau in Toronto Eaton's has brought order out of chaos for thousands of brides in last 12 years. Here she adjusts fingertip veil while designer Mrs. Willis (kneeling) puts finishing touches to bride's gown of white embroidered shantung over silk.

BY FRANK PERRETT

HEAVENLY BODY

Jim Gordon, talent scout for Sunset Pictures, strode across the studio with a light and happy confidence.

As he walked by, secretaries, stock girls, extra girls and just girls looked and smiled, and received cheerful grins in return from the tall red-haired young man with the pink cheeks and the friendly brown eyes.

Kind of nice, for a change, to be the fair-haired boy of Sunset. Should he settle for just a raise or should he make a pitch for an associate producer's berth?

With the tingling sensation that comes from a job well done and a fine fat reward about to be received, Jim entered the office of Mike Whitehead, president of Sunset Pictures.

A shambling hulk of a man with shoulders and arms that would have looked good in a logging camp, Whitehead was frothing into the intercom on his desk.

"— and if he has any relatives working on the lot . . . or even friends . . . fire them too!" Whitehead flipped the control handle and arose with menacing deliberation.

"Mister Gordon," he spat the words, one at a time, "do you know what happened at this studio this afternoon?" He did not wait for a reply. "I'll tell you what happened! A prop boy smuggled a chocolate cream puff to Lola Allen!"

"Holy Smokes! Three hundred calories."

"Four hundred and fifty calories, Mister Gordon."

Jim whistled. "After all, Mr. Whitehead, it's the first time Lola has broken training in months."

"The first time we know about," snapped Whitehead.

"But you have her weight report every morning and evening."

"A prop boy is bribed, maybe others are reached, too. Now, listen to me, my friend. You found Lola Allen and you changed her from a blimp to a box-office star. But" — he leaned over his desk until from the waist up he was practically horizontal

"I'm not going to remind you again, your value to Sunset Pictures depends on keeping her that way! Y'unnerstand?"

As he made his way to Stage 3 Jim's pulse quickened. Just thinking of Lola always affected him that way.

His heart had taken the same leap the first time he'd seen her. He'd stopped in at Gillen's drugstore to buy a couple of cigars. Glancing across at the soda fountain he saw the face of an angel. For a second it remained just a face, its delicately rounded chin neatly cut off by the counter's edge.

Jim was taking a step toward the fountain when the face rose from the counter: Lola, the fountain clerk, straightened up. All 160 pounds of her. Jim gasped. Momentum alone carried him forward.

"You look like you just saw a ghost," sympathized Lola. "Sit down and I'll get you . . ."

"Water," mumbled Jim weakly. Following the first shock his spirits were reviving. He could almost laugh.

There were no other customers at this end of the counter and Jim now realized the ice cream Lola had been digging out was to be part of a double chocolate malt for herself. She saw his glance.

"I ought to quit this job. Certainly isn't doing a thing for my figure." She sighed. "And to think that two years ago I was Miss Peoria."

Something in Jim's showman's brain had gone "click" when he'd first glimpsed Lola's face. But Sunset Pictures was in the market for screen artists, not weight lifters. And this one was babbling about being a beauty contest winner.

Lola saw the disbelief.

"Here," she wiped her hands and reached under the counter. She brought forth a nearly worn-out newspaper clipping. "I keep this around to settle arguments."

Continued on page 70

What can a talent scout do when a girl with the face of an angel is convinced that Hollywood's a paradise for fools?

ILLUSTRATED BY MURRAY SMITH

BOBBIE ROSENFELD

The Champ who grabbed the Spotlight from Barbara Ann

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Above: This is the day Bobbie came to work at three and Barbara saluted her on winning the sports editors' award as Canada's greatest woman athlete of the half-century. Below: Any day after five, when Rosenfeld shows up for a hard day's grind. "Sometimes," she moans of her columnist's life, "it's almost as tough as working."

The day Bobbie Rosenfeld was named Canada's outstanding woman athlete of the half-century, the Toronto Globe and Mail, for which she writes a daily sports column, wanted to run a picture of her with Barbara Ann Scott, who finished second in the balloting.

Miss Scott, a busy little lady in Toronto's social whirl this winter, said she could work in the sitting at 3 o'clock of a certain afternoon and Miss Rosenfeld, who usually arrives at work around 5 o'clock, was asked by her boss to be on hand two hours earlier.

"Three o'clock!" shouted Miss Rosenfeld, in the manner of an outstanding athlete, "Who the hell won the award, me or Scott?"

She showed up at 3 o'clock, grumbling and muttering—and coiffured meticulously—and it was precisely then that her friends realized the salubrious effect the award was having on her. In shoving her back into the limelight it restored a certain sardonic, wise-cracking, easygoing attitude that coated an essentially sentimental personality. Prior to the time she won it Bobbie had spent a couple of years in which she seemed despondent and her rapid return to character underlined a suspicion that she thought possibly the world was passing her by.

Through most of her life Bobbie had been a centre of attention, her fame founded on her truly marvelous ability as an athlete. She ran for Canada in the 1928 Olympic Games at Amsterdam. In softball her outstanding ability helped make Toronto's Sunnyside Stadium the mecca of girls' softball on this continent. In basketball she starred against the Edmonton Grads, the world's greatest team. And as for hockey the famous Charlie Conacher once said she'd have been a National Hockey League standout if she'd been a man.

Later, when arthritis ended her athletic career, Rosenfeld became a sports writer and so, again, was a central figure at sports events. A recurrence of illness plagued her in 1947 and ✦ *Continued on page 47*

Born with winged feet and a barbed tongue, Bobbie Rosenfeld became Canada's greatest woman athlete—and the world's best-dressed sports writer

LUNCH –its importance to your family *and YOU*

ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd

BY Anne Marshall

Yes, when you stop to think about it, lunch *is* important, isn't it? Vital, really! Nutrition experts say the lunch you serve can affect your family's very health and happiness. For at lunch you restore the morning's used-up energy; and provide energy for the afternoon's work or play—whether you are man, woman or child!

Take your husband. These same experts say every man needs an adequate and well-balanced lunch—for health and energy and to do good work. And your children, too, need one hot dish in every school-day lunch for health and growth—yes, and for good marks, too.

A substantial soup is an ideal main dish for lunch. Good hot soup is so appetizing . . . so easily digested . . . so nourishing and sustaining. Why not try the lunches suggested on this page, for a starter?

Soup, Sandwich and Dessert

A nation-wide survey, to determine *types* of dishes frequently enjoyed for family lunches, shows "Soup, sandwich and dessert" to be among the favorites. Many different kinds of soup were served—including this delicious whole bean and bacon-flavored soup.

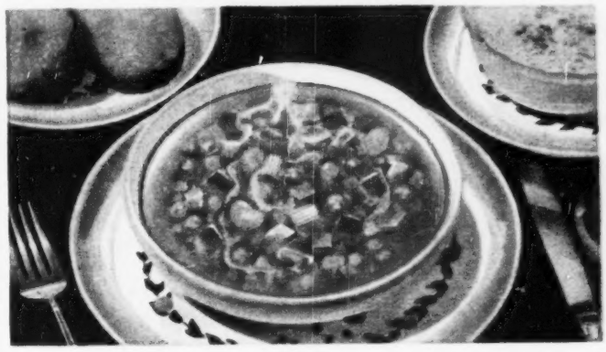
Bean with Bacon Soup

Corned Beef Sandwiches (with chili sauce) Lime Gelatin Coffee or Milk

Soup and Salad

A popular combination of foods at noontime is "soup and salad". In the menu below we include one of the favored soups—cream of celery. You'll find it tasty and nourishing, without being too heavy.

Cream of Celery Soup
Peach and Cottage Cheese Salad
Bread, Butter and Jam Hot Chocolate



Soup and Dessert

(A meatless soup for a meatless meal)

Vote-winning, also, is a lunch consisting of "soup and dessert". For the many people who may prefer a meatless lunch, the menu below features vegetarian vegetable—a soup crammed with luscious garden vegetables.

Vegetarian Vegetable Soup
Toasted Cheese Rolls Baked Custard Milk

(Other meatless soups: cream of asparagus, cream of celery, clam chowder, green pea and tomato)

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Challenger

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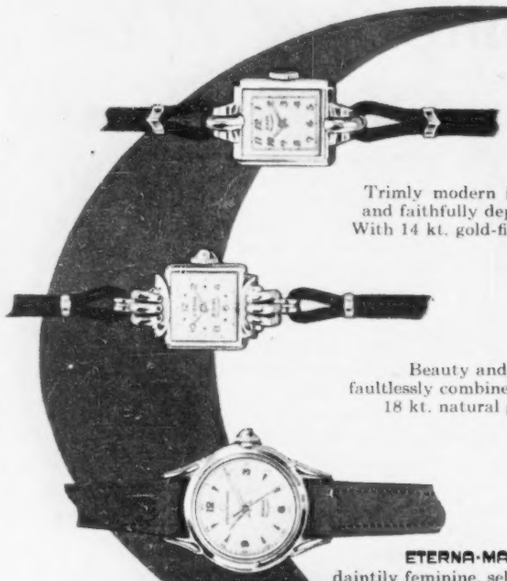

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D—Bridal Pair, 225.00
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Wedding ring, 75.00
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Wedding ring, 67.00

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ST. CATHARINES • WINDSOR • WINNIPEG • REGINA • SASKATOON • EDMONTON • CALGARY • VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

RUN ALONG, DARLING

Continued from page 27

shock and heartache, hadn't been able to face them. She'd been too hurt, too stunned. She just couldn't talk to them. So Paul had visited with them alone in the living room.

When they'd gone, Paul had come into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed. "They seem like nice people, Gen," he'd said. "Thank heaven, Flip is a decent steady boy. He's working in his Dad's plant and will probably run it some day. Mr. Jarrett has a lot of confidence in him. And Mrs. Jarrett said they've got two extra rooms upstairs that they're going to let Flip and Linda fix up for themselves until they can afford a house. I said we'd help the kids too, of course, all we can."

Two rooms, Gen thought now. And Linda working and fixing them up, when she should be going to college, attending dances, having fun. Linda would never have the thrill of a real wedding now, with a white gown . . . and a real honeymoon . . . and showers . . . and all the exciting plans every girl should know. She'd graduated from high school only a few weeks ago. Seventeen. The loveliest, most carefree age a girl can know. And she'd thrown it all away.

"I wish," Paul had said that night, sitting on the bed, "I wish you had talked to the Jarretts too. It might have made you feel better."

"I don't think anybody can make me feel better, Paul. It's knowing what Linda has lost that hurts so."

"But you'll have to see them before Linda gets back."

Gen had frowned and protested, "I can't, Paul. Not yet."

"But Gen, think how they must feel, too. It was just as much of a shock to them as it was to us and they were nice enough to come to us right away."

"Let's not talk about it any more, Paul."

They hadn't, until last night, when Paul had said, "Remember, darling, Linda's married now. It isn't what we wanted for her, so soon, but it's something we've got to accept and get used to. And I know she'd want you to go see the Jarretts before she gets back, Gen. They're her people now, and it will mean a lot to her if we're all . . . friendly."

"Maybe . . ." Gen had half-promised, "I'll see, tomorrow."

Now, wrapping the sandwiches in wax paper, Gen wished she could accept the situation as unemotionally as Paul did. It wasn't that he didn't care, and hadn't been hurt, too. But men could take things more realistically. What *mother* could be realistic? Wouldn't any mother of a girl feel as she did? What if the Jarretts' daughter, Martha, had run away with a boy and married him without telling anyone? Wouldn't Mrs. Jarrett feel just like this and wouldn't she dread meeting that other family?

Martha, Flip's sister, had been one of Linda's best friends all through high school. She was a slender girl with short fly-away hair and pleasant manners. Linda used to spend half her time at Martha's house—studying, having coke parties, playing records, or just visiting. And Flip? Flip had been there all the time. Had Linda gone there mostly because of him? Gen knew so little about it all, and felt so . . . left out. Mrs. Jarrett must have suspected what was going to happen. Why hadn't she said something, *done* something?

Frowning, Gen added some cookies and bananas to the lunch. She was packing it all in a box when Carol came back to get it.

"Here, darling, it's all ready. Run along, have a nice time."

Gen watched her run back to Teena's house. It was good to see her running, playing—still a child. Young people have a right to play, Gen thought, remembering her own childhood. Her parents had died when she was five and Uncle Rolf had taken her into his already crowded home. Aunt Sarah had shown her resentment at the extra mouth to feed by treating Gen as a hired girl. Even today her shoulders slumped when she thought of the round of chores Aunt Sarah had shoved on her from morning till night. She'd vowed long ago that no child of hers would ever have to lift a finger; and they hadn't. She was deeply grateful now that Linda's terribly short childhood had been happy and carefree, for it was over now.

Gen's housework went slowly this morning. When she'd finished cleaning Carol's room, she went into Linda's room. It didn't need cleaning, but she lingered, looking at the white organdie flounce she'd made for the vanity only two months ago. Snapshots of Linda's school friends were tucked in the mirror. Two library books lay on the bedside table. Everything—except a missing overnight bag and a few missing clothes—looked as though Linda would be back any minute to live here again. But tomorrow Linda would take all her things over to that other house. This room was too small for Flip and Linda. Gen had thought at first, Why can't they live with us? But Flip wouldn't fit into this room. And could she have stood seeing Flip go in and out of here, sharing it with Linda?

Gen's hand reached out, touched the scrapbook lying on the white enameled desk. The leather cover was soft and

Wedding Breakfast

By R. H. GRENVILLE

Tradition here has done its best
The bride
Will find no jarring note to mar
her dreams;
Cool crystal stemware marks each
place with pride,
The damask dazzles, and the silver
gleams.
But nonetheless, love finds itself
unable
To be at ease with bland formality;
The witty toast, the bright and
glittering table
Reflect, but do not hold, felicity.

Later, much later, when the sunlight lingers
Upon a checkered table set for two,
Mere bread will be transformed beneath their fingers
Into ambrosia, while the pungent brew
Of coffee subtly alters to express
The wondrous wine of their togetherness.

CREAM OF WHEAT
MADE IN CANADA
from the best Canadian wheat

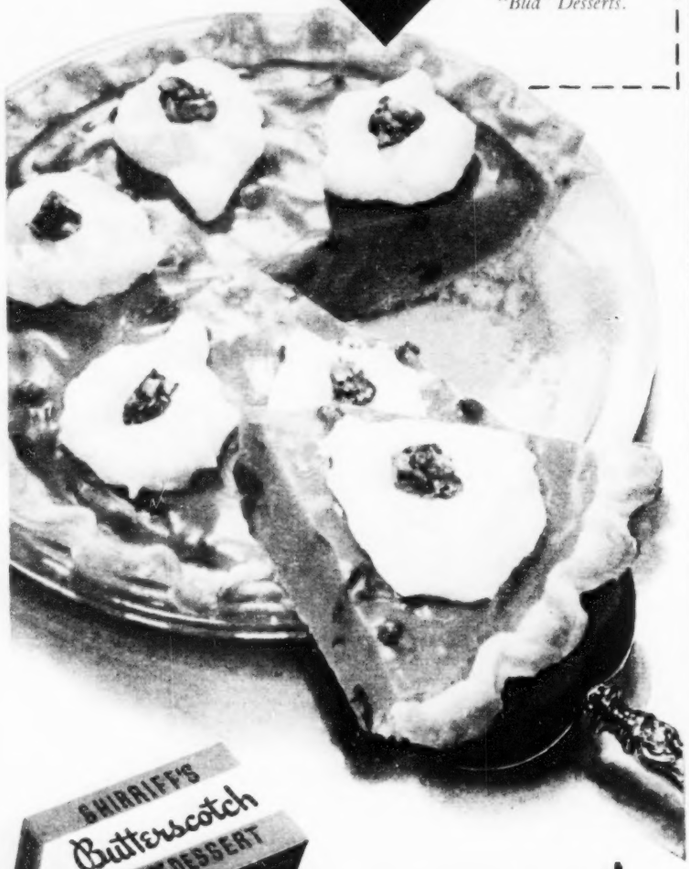
So easy to make....

Butterscotch Crunch Pie

Make this gorgeous pie in a matter of minutes. You can also make a tempting variety of desserts, tarts and fillings with Shirriff's "Bud" Desserts—chocolate, caramel, butterscotch or vanilla. Shirriff's flavour is always *extra* rich . . . sealed liquid-fresh in the flavour "Bud", a shell of pure sugar, till you make the dessert.

made with SHIRRIFF'S "BUD" DESSERTS

Prepare Shirriff's Butterscotch "Bud" Dessert as directed, using 2 cups milk. When cool, stir in ½ cup finely crushed peanut brittle. Place in baked pastry shell or crumb crust and chill. Spread top with sweetened whipped cream and sprinkle with crushed peanut brittle. To be sure of extra rich, extra fresh flavour, always use Shirriff's "Bud" Desserts.



SHIRRIFF'S "BUD" DESSERTS

warm. Gently she opened the book in the middle and let the leaves drop silently on one another. Colorful little mementoes filled the pages. Theatre programs. Paper napkins. A feather. Football ticket stubs. Report cards. Pressed flowers. Why hadn't things like this been enough for Linda a few more years?

Gen looked long and wonderingly at one of the last pages in the book. The only thing on it was a carrot seed envelope. Where had Linda got that? Why had she saved it?

The very last page held a strip of black notes, cut from a sheet of music. Strange. That wasn't like Linda. She'd taken piano lessons for years and practiced regularly, but hadn't shown any unusual interest in music. Linda was never overly enthusiastic about anything or wildly ecstatic over fads, as a lot of girls her age were. A calm, quiet, lovely girl, who, as she grew up, had so many friends that Gen and Paul hardly ever saw her.

Paul used to say, "Shouldn't she stay home more, Gen?"

"Oh," Gen would answer, "let her have fun while she can, Paul. She'll be young only once. Staying home, working, all of that will come to her soon enough."

And it had. Too soon, much too soon.

This room—so quiet, so untouched. Gen closed the book and looked around uneasily, suddenly feeling as though she had intruded into a stranger's room.

A stranger? Linda? Just because she was married? Oh, no. Gen touched the book again with both hands, as though to assure herself it was real. Oddly, she felt guilty. Why? It was natural to feel disappointed and heartsick about it all, but . . . guilty? That wasn't natural. Or was it? Was she failing Linda in some important way by not going to the Jarretts?

Yes, Gen thought at last. Paul was right. Linda would want me to go. I've got to be friendly with the Jarretts for her sake. It's the one thing I can do for her, one way I can make things easier for her.

Now that she had decided, Gen walked out of the room directly to the telephone in the hall; but her hands weren't quite steady as she hunted for the number in the phone book.

Afterward, she couldn't remember much of the conversation, but Mrs. Jarrett's voice, low and friendly, had said, "I'm so glad you called. Come this afternoon. About two."

At two o'clock Gen stepped out of the car at the Jarrett home and hesitated on the walk. This is where Linda would live. A big, rather old, white house that needed paint. It didn't have the graceful design of the home Linda was leaving. The front yard was small, and not as well kept. Be fair, Gen cautioned herself. The design of a house and size of a yard aren't important. What will Mrs. Jarrett really be like? Will she be good to Linda? She must, she must!

Just then Martha Jarrett came out on the front porch, carrying a shopping bag. A boy of about 10 followed her.

Mrs. Jarrett, a tall woman in a sunback dress, opened the door and called out, "Don't forget to pick up Daddy's suit at the cleaner's and don't buy the strawberries unless they're ripe." She saw Gen hesitating and came down the steps, smiling, holding out her hands.

"Mrs. Wright," she said. Her brown eyes looked deep into Gen's, just as Flip's always did. Her hands felt warm and firm through Gen's gloves.

"Come in, won't you?" Mrs. Jarrett asked. And when they passed the children, "You know Martha, don't you? This is Joey."

Joey hiked up his jeans and said, "Hello, Mrs. Wright."

Gen murmured hello. This was Linda's brother now. And she thought, How will I ever get used to them all? How can I ever accept that Linda belongs to them as well as to us?

Martha said, grinning, "We're so anxious for Linda and Flip to get back. We can hardly wait till tomorrow."

Gen's throat tightened and that left-out feeling deepened. Silently she followed Flip's mother into the house and was vaguely aware of the substantial worn furniture. They sat down in the living room which was a bit disordered, but the ferns in the windows made it seem cool. In one corner a battered piano towered over everything.

Mrs. Jarrett saw her looking at the piano. "Linda plays so well, doesn't she? Flip can't carry a tune, but how he loves to try! Martha always drowns him out when the three of them sing, so he won't spoil the harmony."

Singing . . . harmony . . . and a Flip who couldn't carry a tune. Gen frowned. What Mrs. Jarrett said about Linda didn't sound . . . right. Linda practiced the piano, yes, but . . .

Mrs. Jarrett was saying now, "Ben and I both understood why you didn't feel like seeing us that night. Goodness, Flip and Linda might have introduced us all before pulling a surprise like that. It was quite a shock to us, too, but . . . if they're happy, that's all we can ask for." She smiled, added fondly, "They're sweet to watch, aren't they?"

Gen thought with a sharp new pain around her heart, Nothing's changed for you. I've never had a chance to watch them much. And now they'll be here with you . . . all the time.

Mrs. Jarrett filled the silence. "Would you like to see their garden?"

"Their garden?" Gen echoed.

"She must have told you about it." Mrs. Jarrett stood up, led the way. "They planted it a month or so ago." She shook her head, laughing. "I wonder if they planned then to use the vegetables themselves. Martha helped them. So did Ben and I. But Flip did the main part and Linda chose the seeds and planted them."

They walked through the hall and kitchen, out the back door. Sunlight sprayed the whole yard. As they passed a picnic table and benches, Mrs. Jarrett said, "I remember the cloudy day Linda and Martha painted the table. How those girls worked to get it done before the rain came! And then they had to shove it in the garage so it wouldn't get wet."

Gen followed her in bewildered silence, thinking, There's something wrong . . . unreal about all this. Mrs. Jarrett acts as though Linda had *always* lived here.

They had reached the end of the lot now, which was staked off into rows of tiny new sprouts of radishes, green beans and . . . carrots. Linda had chosen those seeds, emptied the envelopes, and brought home the carrot seed envelope for her scrapbook. How could a garden mean that much to her?

After the first glance at the garden,

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"DAFFODIL"
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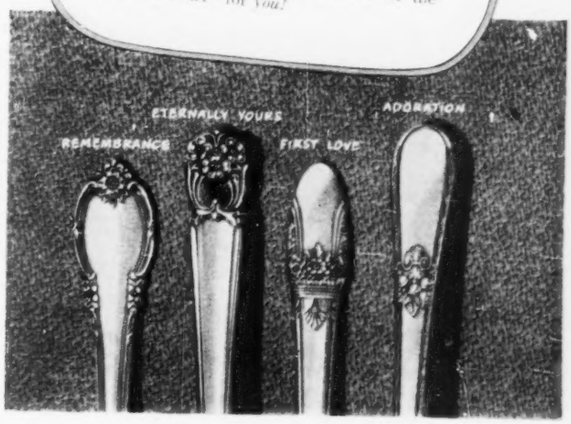

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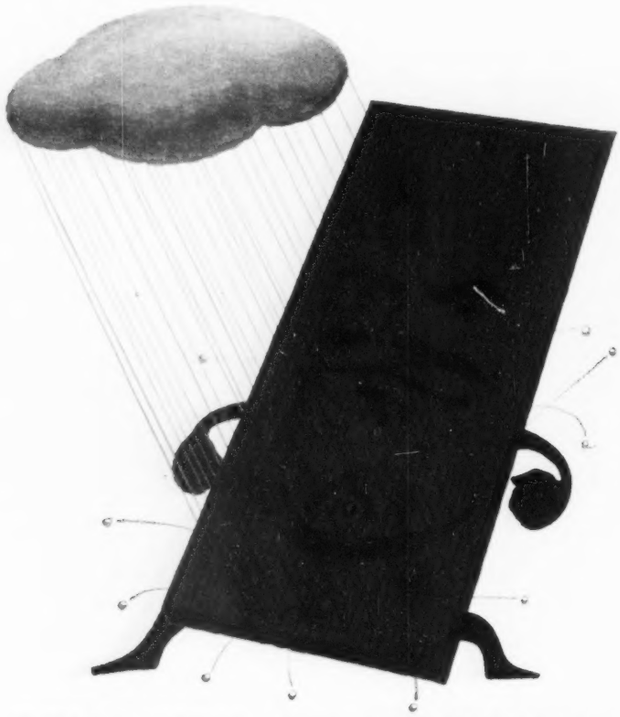

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Gen couldn't look at it again. She couldn't imagine Linda in a place like this, working in this dirt, out here in this sun. What was Linda getting into, with these people?

Gen stared at the blank garage wall next door. Its white surface blinded her, but she stared at its nothingness, trying not to think of Linda's future, while Flip's mother knelt to pull out some weeds.

"They've put so much work into this garden," Mrs. Jarrett said thoughtfully. "But then . . . working is part of living and growing."

Not for the young! Gen wanted to answer. Not for a child!

"They put a lot of other things into this garden, too," Mrs. Jarrett went on, a smile in her voice. "Laughs. Even tears. I came out to help them spray DDT one Saturday morning and we found the first carrot sprouts eaten away. Linda couldn't help crying. But Flip soon teased her into laughing again."

Crying over carrot sprouts? Linda never cried. Laughing because Flip teased her into it? Linda never laughed out loud; she smiled. Who . . . who was this Linda Mrs. Jarrett was talking about?

It's not my Linda, Gen thought anxiously. My sweet quiet smiling girl.

She closed her eyes to shut out the blinding blankness of the white wall that was making her dizzy, making her temples throb. She tried to see Linda, tried to picture her practicing the mahogany piano at home, tried to see her quiet calm face. But other pictures, ones she'd never seen before—Linda playing that battered piano in there, painting a picnic table, working and crying and laughing in this garden—those pictures blurred with the ones she was familiar with and the result was someone else . . . a stranger.

Frightened, she wanted to say, No! Linda isn't a stranger to me. She isn't!

She opened her eyes and stood still and tense, trying to calm herself. It was the heat, that's all. And her imagination. But she had to get away from here. Now.

Mrs. Jarrett asked, "Would you like to see the rooms they're going to have? Ben thought I should fix things up for them while they're gone, but I know Linda will want to do it herself. Would you like . . .?"

"No, thank you, not now. Some other time." Gen's hands were damp, perspiring. With difficulty she drew on her gloves. "I . . . I must go."

"Oh," Mrs. Jarrett asked quickly, "are you all right? It's so hot. I shouldn't have brought you out here. We'll go inside."

"No, no. I really must leave."

Their good-by was awkward, with Mrs. Jarrett insisting that Gen come over often, and Gen answering vaguely.

Driving home, one strange upsetting thought possessed her, seemed to smother her. I . . . I feel as though I'd *lost* Linda, and as though it didn't happen just five days ago when she married Flip, but as though I'd lost her a long time ago. She . . . she seems to belong to Flip's mother more than she belongs to me. But that's fantastic. I'm so mixed up . . . that heat. I'm just imagining things.

But how could Linda already be such a part of the Jarretts' life, their home? Planting a garden . . . painting . . . working over there. No child likes work. Did she pretend to like it, just to be near Flip? But she went over there so often, even before falling in love with Flip. Why?

Gen stopped in the driveway at home, got out of the car, moving slowly, still deep in thought. She walked across the yard, to the back porch.

Carol was sitting on the top step, elbows on her knees, chin in her hands, little shoulders hunched.

Gen stopped abruptly. "Darling, what's the matter? Why did you come back so early from the park? Why aren't you playing?"

"Oh," Carol's voice was listless, uninterested. "I got tired of playing, mother."

Tired of playing.

A shiver went through Gen. Her legs felt unsteady for a moment, as though something had shaken the earth she stood on.

Working is part of living and growing, Mrs. Jarrett had said.

But . . . for the young?

Gen looked back on Linda's life and the answer came to her slowly as she remembered those 17 years. And at last Gen admitted to herself, Why, I never let her *do* anything. Whenever she tried, I stifled her . . . froze her little efforts . . . sent her away. No wonder she wanted to start building a life and home of her own. She loves Flip, yes, but she would have been willing to wait, if, years ago, I had let her work . . . learn . . . and grow as she should. And it's true—I lost her, oh, so long ago . . . slowly, a bit at a time. Every time I wouldn't let her do something and said to her, "Run along, darling."

Gen stared at Carol and thought, I said it to you, too, only this morning. You wanted to sew . . . wanted to wipe dishes. How many other things have I kept you from doing?

Run along, darling. I'll never say it again.

Gen looked into Carol's big eyes and fondled the neat little pigtails. "Honey, I didn't have time to make that dirndl skirt for you. Would you like to make it yourself? Let's go in and I'll show you how to use the sewing machine . . . now." ✚

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by Elizabeth Inskip Wye

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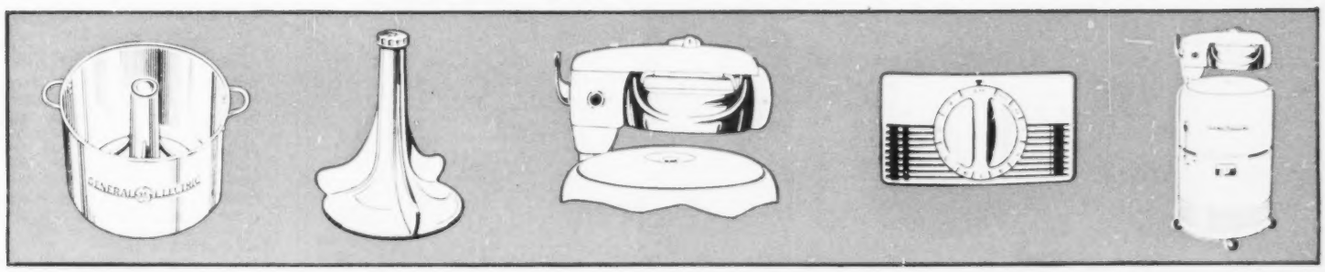

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LOVELY DAY

Continued from page 23

after a long time and you realize all of a sudden how much you have missed him. And then Bob was so thin and tired.

When he held her in his arms, his jaw muscles moved as if he were trying to keep back the tears himself. "I'm glad you're here," he said, hugging her hard.

The car, a big black sedan, was driven by a Malay. It was a company car, Bob said, which they would share until another car arrived. The house had disappointed him. The exterior hadn't been repainted, nor the repairs made as promised, and Bob had been traveling back and forth to Penang constantly with no time left to watch the work. What would she like to see first?

She hugged his arm nearest her and said she wouldn't do any sightseeing until after the house was ready. Bob had to get back to regular meals, to sleeping in his own bed.

If they could drive out and look at the house right away, she said, she would like that.

"Tomorrow," Bob said. He seemed mildly amused. "This is Mr. Kipling's East, honey," he said. "The East that can't be hurried by the white man. We will have lunch at the hotel and then you take a lie-off."

"Do you?" she said.

He laughed. "Me?" he said. "I keep trying to buck the East, and it takes my every waking minute."

He sounded discouraged. "Bob," she said, "don't you want to stay?"

"At my salary we can retire in a few years," he said, looking toward the China Sea, dusty green at high noon, simmering like soup.

Well, the house would soon be ready and she would see that he got his rest.

For half an hour she lay on her bed in the hotel bedroom, staring at the dusty white wood ventilators over the windows. The sheet under her might have been heated in an oven it was so hot; her body was damp and steaming as if she were in a vapor bath. Bob had gone to the bank right after lunch. She looked about the room, at the doors of the mustard yellow wardrobe and chest where fingermarks showed, at the drab high ceiling where two strings of electric cord hung, each with a single light globe covered by a cheap parchment shade. Bob said she wasn't to go out in the afternoon heat.

At eight the next morning Bob took her to see the house. It was painted with a camouflage smeared on by the Japanese during the war, great blocks of grey and brown that made her ill and dizzy. A lawn spread block-wide on four sides of the house, the grass untrimmed and overgrown with weeds. Tropical rains had washed ruts in the gravel driveway. Inside there was no furniture at all and the largest bedroom must have been used as a hen house.

In the living room Lois sat on a

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window seat and took a notebook and pencil from her bag, to begin a list of things to be done. The new wash basins and bathtubs were lying in the middle of the floor waiting to be installed. Bob said he had been trying for days to get the plumbing done, but he had been out of town almost constantly.

The contractor should be here. She looked at her watch. It was nine o'clock and he had promised to be here promptly at eight. At least he could have telephoned. She remembered there was no telephone, although it had been ordered weeks ago.

Bob must not worry about the house as he had been doing. She stared at the light strips of grey paint alongside darker grey on the ceiling where the electric fixtures had been ripped out. During the war all houses had been looted of wiring and plumbing.

Bob had disappeared and now he came back. The servants had not arrived, he said. Only the native watchman was back there, sitting on his string bed and contemplating his toes.

"You go back to the bank," she said, trying to sound gay. "I'll wait for the contractor."

She would go around the rooms with the contractor after he got his men started on one job, and they would organize the work for the next day.

"Honey," Bob said, gently, "the contractor and coolies don't understand our language. But I'll get Sammy. He works for the bank and he speaks English." He walked restlessly about the room for a moment or two and stopped beside her.

He was staring at her skirt, at a blob of dust on her clean blue linen that she had worn for the first time.

"We'll go back and get Sammy," Bob said. "I can't wait any longer."

On the ride back she talked of using pale aqua walls downstairs and yellow draperies, and rugs thick and creamy. She would look for furniture today, after she had gone over the house with the contractor and Sammy.

"Take Sammy with you," he said. "The Chinese cabinetmakers don't speak English."

She would keep worries about the house from Bob, for she saw that already he was beginning to be anxious about her getting things done. Mr. Kipling might say the East could not be hurried, but she would show him, for Bob's sake.

Sammy was an East Indian with large kind eyes and a willingness that was touching. Always immaculate in white and always late, smilingly reminding her that there was tomorrow when she tried to rush him, when the servants didn't arrive as scheduled. Two of the five servants came, finally, while she was waiting at the house for the contractor who had promised to bring the plumber. One of the servants was a cook, the other his wife, a wash amah. Neither could say a word in any language but their own.

She asked Sammy to tell the servants to pitch in and scrub the floors. This, Sammy said, wide-eyed and gentle, was not the work of a cook and wash amah.

During the day she walked through the house, keeping an eye on the repairs to the staircase, the hanging of doors that were missing, seeing that the teakwood floors were laid properly. The exterior of the house had not been painted. Half the time the workmen didn't show up.

She read books. She wrote letters home about the beauties of the East.

One Thursday Bob had gone to Penang for three days, taking the car. On Saturday, having been away from the house for two days, she hired a taxicab to take her out, but the cab didn't return for her, and Sammy rode the cook's bicycle a long way to find a cab for her.

She had finished her dinner in the deserted dining room of the hotel. It was more than three weeks since she arrived in Singapore and she had had no callers, no telephone messages, no notes from any of the European women. At home her telephone had rung constantly. Suppose, after she had the Taj Mahal in order, weeks from now, there would be no friends to fill it!

Two European men hurried through the vast lobby, followed by Chinese bellboys carrying briefcases and luggage. The men ran down the steps to a waiting motor car and she had a feeling they were the only Europeans in the city.

The blackened blades of the ceiling fans turned frantically, gasping as they sucked in warm air, until there seemed to be none left for her to breathe. Her body felt moist and weak. If she tried to reach the entrance to stop the men, she would never make it. Then the men and the car were gone and there remained only the Chinese bellboys and the sound of flailing fans.

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Bob returned at midnight. She had been crying, but she washed her face hurriedly. He ate supper from a scaling black tin tray covered with a limp cotton napkin and drank tea from a heavy thick cup. She thought he was thinner than when she arrived, and he was tired.

"Been lonely?" he said.

When he came home she had meant to speak about meeting some people, but she could not worry him with that now.

Early the next week a letter came from the Victors, inviting her and Bob to spend the week end with them at their Port Dickson house on Malacca Straits. Elliott Victor was one of the partners of an English law firm from whom Bob leased the bank building.

She wrote Mr. and Mrs. Victor that she and Bob were delighted.

But on Friday morning Bob had to fly to Bangkok on business.

"You'll enjoy the Victors," he said, kissing her good-by.

The highway to Port Dickson was like a strip of steel, twisting between rubber plantations. She wished the Malay chauffeur wouldn't race the car. It swayed on curves and lurched madly downhill, straining to escape the heat of the steel ribbon before it exploded. She did not remember the words for "more slowly" and as she closed her eyes trying to think of a word that would work the charm, she realized she would reach the Victors much too early.

At four o'clock she stepped from the car. A woman was standing beside a Malay gardener who was spading a patch of ground. When the woman saw Lois she crossed the lawn.

"Mrs. Atkins?" she said, as if there might be a mistake.

Lois smiled.

The woman had frigid blue eyes and a firm mouth. Her hair, cropped and curled, was very neat. "I'm Marion Victor," she said formally. She was tall and slender, in a blue and white cotton and flat-heeled sports shoes. "Isn't Mr. Atkins with you?" she said.

"He was disappointed," Lois said. "Business in Bangkok."

Mrs. Victor hunched her shoulders. "How tiresome," she said. She turned and called "Boy!"

A white-uniformed Chinese ran down the steps from the veranda on the second floor, and a short paunchy man in white shorts and sports shirt came to the railing of the veranda and peered at Lois. He wore a cropped mustache and his greying brown hair was cut short. "Marion," he said, shifting the newspaper in a hand and looking at his wrist watch, "it isn't Mrs. Atkins?"

The Chinese boy took Lois' bag and ran upstairs.

"Mr. Atkins couldn't come," Mrs. Victor said.

Mr. Victor looked disappointed. "I had planned some golf," he said.

There was a long pause. Lois followed Mrs. Victor up the steps.

In the lounge Lois dropped onto a grey upholstered rattan chair much too deep for her. The room faced a dark grove of rain trees which made the house seem lonely on this remote end of the beach far from the village. Mrs. Victor brought her black cotton bag and sitting on the edge of a chair began knitting on a grey sweater, her needles making a metallic accompaniment to their stilted remarks: the heat, the distance to Singapore. The large diamonds on Mrs. Victor's fingers flashed like yawns. There were awkward pauses. Mr. Victor held his paper on his knees, occasionally glancing at it when the conversation lagged.

"Too bad you couldn't go to Bangkok," Mrs. Victor said. "It's a beautiful city."

"I want to go when Bob can show me the sights," Lois said.

Mrs. Victor raised her head and looked at Lois. "You'll get over waiting for people out here," she said. "A guide can show one about adequately."

The Boy came noiselessly with drinks in crested goblets. It was lime squash; it tasted like warm sweetened water.

When Lois went to her room to rest before dinner, a Chinese amah had already unpacked her bag, taken her dresses away, pressed them and brought them back. They were hanging tidily on the clothes rack. While Lois was undressing, the amah brought fresh towels. But she said nothing, not even when Lois thanked her.

The trick of dressing here in the East, Lois had learned, was to move slowly. She got into her white tailored piqué, was a long time arranging her hair and putting on her stockings and shoes.

When she went to the lounge Mrs. Victor was at a window wearing a formal grey dinner dress. Before her hostess could turn and see her, Lois hurried to her room and changed into a white-embroidered frock. It buttoned up the back with many small pearl buttons and by the time she had fastened the last of them she was hot and perspiring. When she went back to the lounge she was late.

At the dinner table she sat stiffly. The soup came on and it was scalding hot. Either she must eat it promptly as Mr. and Mrs. Victor were doing, or make conversation. She couldn't sit there like a schoolgirl, twisting her handkerchief.

She ran her handkerchief along the backs of her hands. "The Europeans here," she said, "must feel close and clannish. There are so few of them."

"Quite the reverse," Mr. Victor said. He shook out his napkin and replaced it on his knees. "Jolly well learn to live without friends."

Mrs. Victor rang a polished silver bell shaped like a morning glory. The Boy removed the soup plates and brought on the entree.

"Here in the East," Mrs. Victor said, "people are moved about. They don't stay in one place long enough to become friends."

Mr. Victor stabbed a boiled potato. "Live to yourself," he said. "As soon as you find a good golf partner, he's transferred. Find another if you can, and he's off on leave, or business."

"I couldn't live anywhere without friends," Lois said.

Mrs. Victor turned the stem of her crystal goblet. "You'll do it here in the East," she said, crisply.

Lois put down her fork. She felt faint, as if the windows had been tightly closed.

Midafternoon next day the Victors took their lie-off on the beach, Mr. Victor with a pith helmet over his eyes, Mrs. Victor's large straw hat shielding her head and shoulders.

Lois, in her white bathing suit with the red belt, made small pyramids of sand and flattened them out. After half an hour she walked slowly into the

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water, wading out until the water was to her hips.

The sun shone tirelessly, and the sleeping forms were like driftwood.

Three Malay women came up the beach, carrying baskets on their turbaned heads. They walked proudly, two in bright blue sarongs covered with blue temple flowers; the third in a sarong etched in black hibiscus. Their white bajus were starched and fastened with small silver buttons. They sat on bare, brown heels. When they smiled, Lois could see their bare gums where the teeth were missing. "Mem?" one said, softly.

Lois hurried out of the water.

It was an invitation to open baskets, to spread magenta purses, rose-colored baskets, green and purple slippers, big hats over the sand.

For a few minutes Lois struggled with the language in whispers, trying to make the women understand her English. "How much this purse? This basket?" she said. The women chattered excitedly in Malay, and giggled, but they did not understand.

Mrs. Victor stirred, sat up and spoke impatiently in the Malay tongue, tapping in turn a purse, a basket, the largest hat. She turned to Lois. "They say the purse is a dollar, the basket one twenty and the hat a dollar," she said.

Her tone and manner sobered the women. They spoke quietly among themselves, but they did not laugh any more.

Lois bought purses, baskets, a hat. She would have kept the women, but Mrs. Victor waved them off, pointing toward the other end of the beach from which they had come.

The women repacked their wares and padded up the beach.

The purchases lay on the sand like flowers, dying because no one cared.

That evening in the lounge Lois tried reading. But what she wanted was the coolness of the moon-sprayed beach. If Bob or any of their friends back home were here, they would walk and sit on the beach where the air was fresh and the sea pleasantly cool. She was lost in the memory of friends. "Let's walk on the beach!" she said, feeling alive. But Mr. and Mrs. Victor looked up from their magazines in astonishment, bringing Lois back to the present. She was embarrassed. She had said the wrong thing. They would not approve of her going alone.

She read for an hour, the words making no sense. Then excusing herself she went to her room and to bed.

She slept fitfully. Toward morning she sat up feeling suffocated.

Through the white bed net she could see two squares of light where the windows of the room were cut into the walls. They were small patches, like grey blotting paper. A spot of fog, as vague and formless as her mood, lay in the direction of the dressing-table mirror, the edges sliding away into oblivion like all the furniture and the walls. She tried to make out her white-embroidered dress, but both the dress and the clothes rack seemed to have floated into the night while she slept. Her heart plunged wildly with a sudden urge to follow.

When she stood the boards of the floor groaned as if Mr. Victor had wakened and turned over. Cautiously she moved toward the chair where she had hung her green dress. She found

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it and her cream girdle and slip with the lace straps; her red sandals. It would have helped if she had turned on the light, but it would shine through the windows and might wake the Victors or a servant. She didn't want that.

The tiled steps to her bathroom on the lower floor were set in a well of darkness. As she felt for each step she thought of the dream she had as a child, of plunging into a dark stairwell, and falling. But in the dream she always wakened. The high, wide steps went straight down, turned, then straight down again into the bathroom where the blackness became a grey vapor through which she could see the earthenware Shanghai tub, an enormous brown crock the size of a washtub and twice as deep. It stood against the wall under a single faucet. She moved slowly, sliding her feet on the tiles, trying not to strike the latticed wood platform on which one stood to bathe.

The bathroom door opened onto a terrace with steps rising on either side to the upper veranda and the living rooms.

Passing from the palm-bordered path to the beach, she picked her way over the rocks to the sand. In the west a giant cloud frosted the shadowy sky and cast a faint image on the palely sleeping water, smooth like the tile on the bathroom floor.

With no one on the firm, hard sand, the mile-long beach looked even longer. Coconut palms leaned forward eagerly as if straining on their roots to reach the companionship of the water; there were other branching trees whose names she did not know. When she asked Mrs. Victor about them, Mrs. Victor could not tell her. It was as if her hostess wished to avoid anything native. She spoke of roses, zinnias, cannas, but not of any tropical plant. Her garden was filled with English flowers.

The sun began its daily ritual in the East. Kneeling she slipped the straps of her red sandals out of their clasps of gilt, and rising, held them in a hand. She walked to where the surf was curling slowly onto the beach and began to wade. Far out, the sea was drab blue and nearby a sickly green like new grass growing in the shade. The water was warm, a tepid bath that did not refresh.

There should be shells. The tide was right; there should be hundreds of delicate, lacelike shells such as the old sea captains brought home from these islands. She had seen them in museums. But, although she searched for a long time, she couldn't find one. Brown and grey pebbles had been washed into slatternly heaps by the tide, as if swept and left by a slovenly housewife. But there were no shells.

She looked across Malacca Straits to where Sumatra would be if she could see that far. It should excite her to know it was near. In the past a map of Sumatra had always thrilled her.

When one flying fish dipped five times before it plopped into the warm sea she watched dully. If she had seen that crossing on the ship she would have turned and called to someone. In fact she had, a number of times. Her enthusiasm had amused the Hollander going to Java.

She turned away and kicked aside a pebble. There should be one shell. It seemed to her that finding one shell was important.

From behind a clump of palm trees a man walked to the beach and into the surf and began wading toward her, holding his brown and white check sarong above his lemon-brown knees. He wore no shirt. On his head was the black *songkok*, the cap worn by all Mohammedans. When he got nearer she saw it was one of the Victor servants. She hoped he would speak.

"*Tabek!*" she said, remembering the word of greeting, smiling.

He passed. His glance was apologetic, as if he felt he shouldn't be wading here to be seen by the "Mem," but should be back at the garage washing cars until he could see his brown face in their polished sides. After he passed the beach was long and empty, like his face.

She was empty too, and she turned with despair to the sea, but its flat, oily surface was like a massive, inhuman face that only increased the loneliness that slowly was engulfing her. There was no kindness in this bleak land, no bright future filled with friends. She turned away, repelled.

A towheaded boy of five ran across the garden from a bungalow, carrying a blackened, battered tin pail in one hand and in the other swinging a soup ladle.

"Good morning!" she said, feeling desperately that he must not turn and run away.

A few steps off he paused and studied her cautiously and in some surprise.

"Wading is fun," she said. "I've been wading a long time."

He watched her solemnly and after a little moved nearer. "The beach up this way is very dirty," he said. He spoke with an English accent. "It's too dirty to go without sandals." His eyes went to his sandals, chewed and scuffed, that flopped when he took a step. Fastened by himself, quite obviously, and too hastily.

The sun beaded his long, pale lashes with gold. His eyes were sharply blue and fresh and his young face had a small, firm chin, a wide mouth like Bob's.

Something gave within her. The morning was young and lovely like this child. She smiled and felt it—gay, bubbling.

"Do you know what those are?" He waved the ladle over a tiny hummock of sand.

"No," she said. Freckles splattered his small shoulders, the ragged pink patches peeling from sunburn. To the top of his faded blue trunks he was well-toasted.

Sitting on his heels he touched a hummock with a forefinger. "They're worms," he confided, briskly. "You find them when the tide is out."

She turned her head to look at the tide. The sea was dancing, shaking gold coins on its ankles, while the white-frosted cloud wore a shining crown; in a frenzy of abandon the sun had tossed its treasures over the sky. When she turned away she saw the reflection clinging tenderly to the child's face; gilding his worn sandals until they shone like new. The sceptre in his hand had once been a common soup ladle.

"The beautiful morning!" she said.

Smilingly, he tapped a hummock with his ladle. "Shall I dig a worm for you?" he said, a small genii ready to give her the wish she wanted most. She

The first party dress...

1851 It seemed like a day of miracles . . . and it was. "Little Jane" in a real party dress, transformed suddenly into a grown-up young lady! And stranger still was the story of the dress itself . . . made on one of those new-fangled *machines!*

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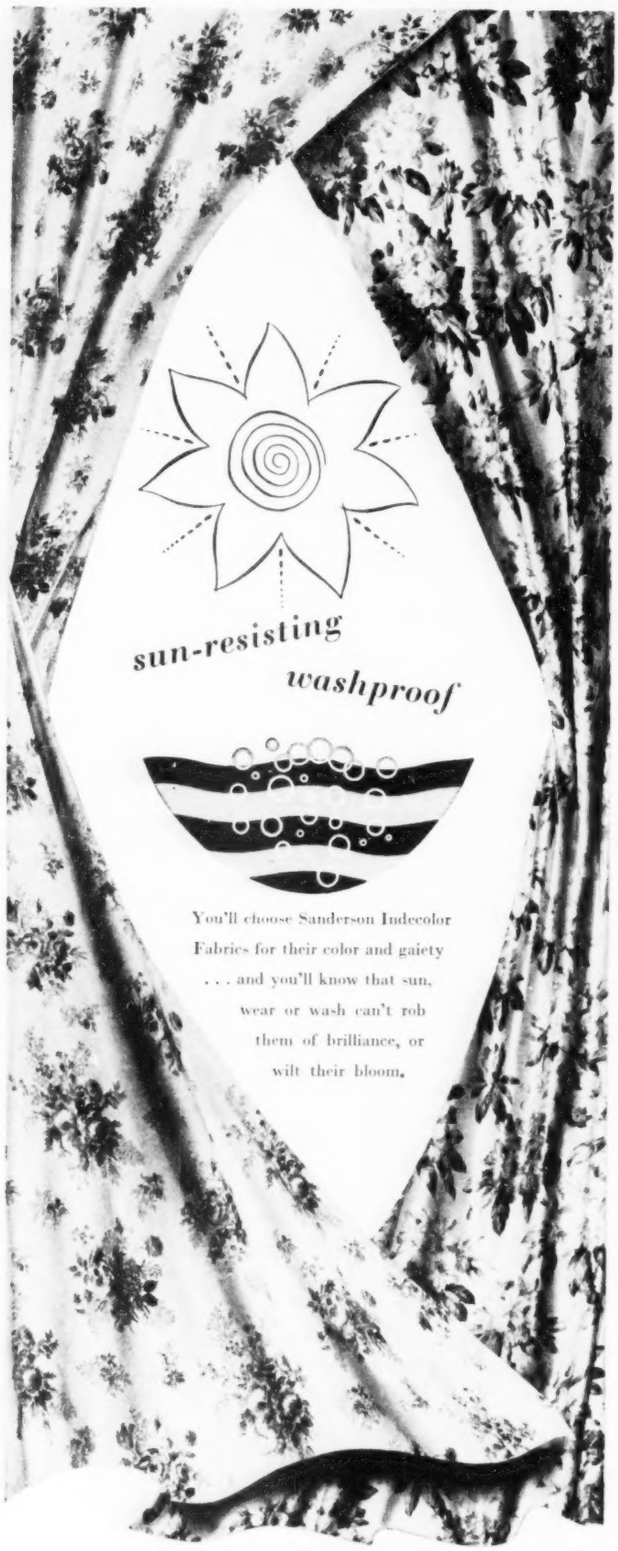

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would ask for a little boy like him and for friends in this new land.

"I wish you would," she said.

The bucket bounced against his sturdy, tanned legs, the caress of wind and sun, as his strong, nail-blunted fingers gripped the ladle. Plunging it into the sand, he brought it up filled with damp sand. The sun plated the inside of the sand cup with bright yellow.

"Is that a worm?" he said, pushing a piece of sand with the cup of the ladle and examining it closely. "No," he said, "it's not. If you don't work fast, they get away." Water began to seep into the hole. "No worms," he said, cheerfully. "I'll try another."

He was the only child she had seen on the beach either this morning or yesterday and it was such a charming place for children. There must be many children at Port Dickson.

"Where are your playmates?" she said. "They must be sleepy-heads."

He did not look up from the business of digging for worms. "There aren't any children my age down here," he said. "Only babies."

"Where are they, the children your age?" she said.

"They're all away to school," he said. "My brothers are in England too." He began filling the hole with sand. "I'm going soon."

Something precious had been given her and snatched away and she felt suddenly lost. The children seemed to have walked into the sea and been swallowed up, leaving her alone in this far land.

"When do you go?" She wanted to put her arms around him and keep him here.

"I'd have gone this term, but my father took sick. He got better and came down here for a week, but now he's got fever again and is in the hospital."

He emptied the ladle, as if he had had enough digging, but he didn't rise. Instead, he sat there staring at the sand, looking small and forlorn.

"Your father is all right," she said. "He's all right."

Gratefully he looked up, reassured. His eyelashes were moist, his eyes like blue cornflowers with dew on them. "My father made me a racing car," he said.

"It must be a fine one," she said.

He nodded assent, quickly. "Would you like to see it?" he said, pushing one of the hummocks with the toe of a sandal. The straps were far too loose. "It has an engine." He jumped up. "I can sit in it," he said, running up the beach a way.

She followed and stood beside it, a long car built of sand.

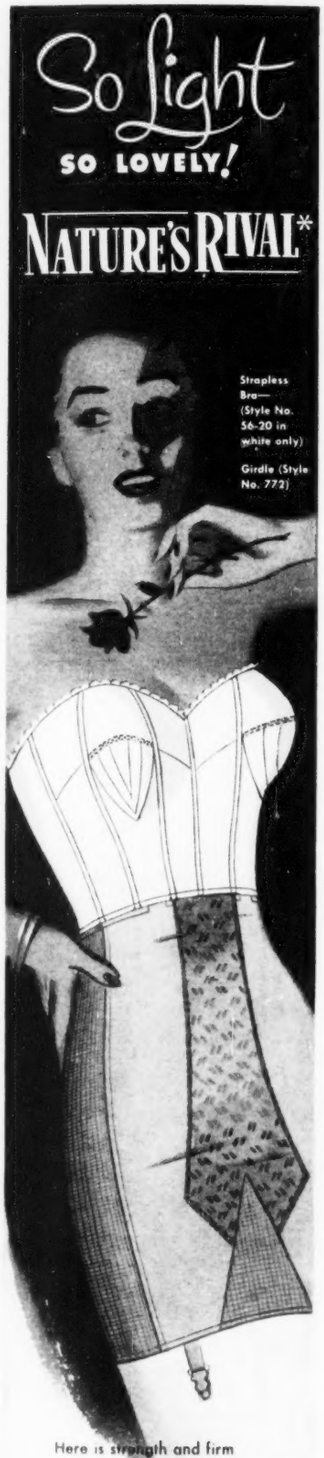
"He made it the first day he could lie on the beach," he said proudly. "It took him a very long time." He found a dry twig, stepped into the hollowed space back of the hood, and sat down, pushing the twig into the sand. "This makes it go," he confided, keeping a hand on the top of the twig. Placing a toe on a piece of bark, he said, "and I start it with this."

"Drive it for me," she said.

He looked up shyly. "I doubt if it will go," he said. "Often it won't."

"Cold motor," she said. "My car acts up like that sometimes."

He wiggled self-consciously. "Well," he said. He looked at her searchingly, waited a couple of seconds as if gather-



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ing courage, and then gave a low deep whine, in imitation of a motor turning over. The sound grew louder. His face contorted with his effort and he went pink to his chest. It was the ack-ack-ack that every small boy made when he drove his orange-crate racer down the streets at home. "A hundred and fifty miles!" he said, breathing hard.

"It's a beauty!" she said.

As he stepped out of the car his sandals wobbled. "When I finish school in England," he said, "my father and I are going to make a big racing car together."

Such a little fellow to leave home. But it was the way the British protected their children from tropical diseases and the heat. He would miss his father. He would sop his pillow at night with tears and she couldn't help him. A hard pebble seemed to lie in her throat.

She stooped and tightened the straps on his sandals.

Poor starved parents like Mr. and Mrs. Victor! How they must long for their children! Lois had seen pictures of the four in an album in the lounge last night, the names printed carefully under each: Philip, age 15; Elliott, Jr., 13; Nancy, 11; Elinor, 9. Attractive children with grave, small faces. She understood now why Mrs. Victor knit sweaters and made clothes, why she planned gardens and appeared self-sufficient. Her hardness was superficial; she was lonely for her own. And Mr. Victor. All his bluster about living without people. He cared too greatly. Always saying farewell to those he loved.

Brushing away a tear, Lois turned to look at the sea, which was swinging a giant net over the sand. It rolled back to leave at her feet the offering of one perfect periwinkle shell. When she turned it over it was a delicate pink, the color of the flesh of a child. Imprinted on it like an intaglio was a pink star.

"Please, may I see?" the child said.

She held it on the palm of a hand and he touched it gently with a finger. "I've never seen a shell so beautiful," he said, wistfully.

"You shall have it" she said, pressing the shell into one of his hands. "You are my first friend in Malaya."

Carefully he held it, his face radiant, eyes shining with a child's pleasure. "Will you come every day?" he said.

"This afternoon, at three," she said. "I'll come back."

When she had gone a little way, she turned. The child was standing where she had left him, holding the shell and looking after her as if she had given him the thing he wanted most. Her vision blurred and she saw him through a dancing mirage.

When she walked up the palm-bordered path to the house she saw Mrs. Victor crossing the lawn, her face harsh and anxious. Suddenly Lois wanted to do something for her and Mr. Victor. Impulsively she stretched out a hand, greeting her as she would an old and loved friend. Mrs. Victor smiled.

As Lois took her arm and they mounted the steps together, she felt inside her a heart where at dawn there had been a hard, grey stone. ✚

BOBBIE ROSENFELD

Continued from page 32

she just never seemed the same after returning from four months of sun and rest in Arizona. Then just as 1950 ended she learned that Canadian sports editors had named her the country's greatest, and she was back in form, quipping, needling, laughing raucously.

There was the night the colorful pro. tennis star, Gussie Moran, came to town, she of the lace panties, the almost sensuous figure and the mediocre tennis game. Bobbie invaded Moran's dressing quarters with other sports writers for an interview, and since the other scribes were male the question of Moran's physical measurements had not been broached although they definitely were the room's cynosure.

Rosenfeld, arriving a little late, took over upon entry.

"Whatta pasting you took tonight, eh, kid?" she said loudly to Moran, who had just been beaten by Pauline Betz. Then she sat down beside Gussie.

"What's your bust?"

"Thirty-five," said Moran.

"Waist?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Hips."

"Thirty-six."

Bobbie eyed her and grinned.

"Waist 35, eh?" she chuckled. "You don't look that big, kid."

"The waist is 27," said Moran evenly. "The bust is 35."

Rosenfeld closed her notebook.

"Nuts," she said. "There's no use needling you. You don't get sore. Sometimes when I kid 'em a little they open up and give me a pretty good yarn."

A few days later a controversy involving the Toronto Argonaut football team broke in the Toronto papers. Some of the city fathers wanted to award the players $100 watches to honor their winning the national championship. Other officials insisted this was a waste of taxpayers' money and the papers picked up the ball and kept it rolling.

"What kind of a deal is this?" demanded Rosenfeld of a friend. "The city wants to give those eggs $100 watches. What's the city give me? A parking ticket!"

It would not be said that Bobbie is beautiful, but she is definitely the world's best-dressed sportswriter. She shows distinctive taste, encases herself in ensembles of delicate color choices. She is surprisingly sensitive to the quips of the male hands in the Globe sports department—surprisingly, because she gets off so many quick-witted barbs herself. While she never means personal offense in any of her comments, she often feels a retaliatory jibe is delivered with malice. She has occasionally burst into tears in the wake of a well-intentioned jest.

Bobbie, christened Fanny, was born in Russia in 1905 where her father bought and sold lumber. The family—there were eventually four girls and a boy—moved to Barrie, Ontario, when Fanny was three weeks old.

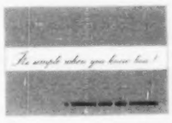
"Shows were a nickel then," Bobbie recalls, "but we had few nickels. So we played basketball at school and hockey with an old tomato can out on Kempenfeldt Bay. I did a lot of skating, mostly because there wasn't much else to do, and I suppose I acquired a good

more and more

When it comes to looking after money we raise our hats to the ladies. They're the financiers who plan how and where to spend, how to save. They're never too young nor too old to seek new knowledge.

Women control the purse strings and, contrary to old fashioned ideas, usually hold them wisely. They plan their spendings to make everyday living more healthful, wholesome and pleasant. They save for such fine objectives as family education, home improvement and security.

As our customers, women are our partners. Everything that interests them interests us.



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228-50

deal of stamina. I played with boys more often than girls and it never occurred to me that I shouldn't be able to keep up with them."

The family moved to Toronto in 1922, settling down two blocks from Harbord Collegiate where Bobbie burned up the playgrounds summer and winter. That was when her pals stopped calling her Fanny and started calling her Bobbie, for some obscure youthful reason.

Bobbie gave no thought to track and field until her softball teammates persuaded her to enter the foot races during a field day at Beaverton, Ont., in 1925.

"What a sight," she recalls. "I was wearing those blooming softball bloomers, a sweater, an old pair of socks and some running shoes. I entered the 100 yards race for girls and won it, and afterward I discovered I'd beaten Rosa Grosse, the Canadian champion! Until that moment I had no idea I was a runner. More surprising, wearing that combat equipment, I'd broken the Canadian record!"

The late Lou Marsh, former sports editor of the Toronto Star, wrote ecstatically of Bobbie's achievement and pointed out repeatedly that in Rosenfeld and Grosse Canada now had two sprinters who could challenge the world. In 1926 he persuaded Elwood Hughes, sports director of the Canadian National Exhibition, to bring to the Ex a crack Chicago track team that included Helen Filkey, the world's record holder.

Walter Knox, a Canadian Olympic sprinter, trained Bobbie and introduced her to spike shoes, something Canada's record breaker had never seen.

"I was determined not to be hindered by bloomers, either," relates Bobbie. "I cut down my brother's T-shirt and swimming trunks, got a pair of Pop's socks and, looking like something out of the woodwork, I went down to the CNE for the big race.

"Then we got a look at them Chicago dames! You never saw such outfits—sleek satin shorts, form-fitting, colorful jerseys. When we saw them we ran back into our dressing room. It was like thoroughbreds meeting dray horses."

But after the Canadian kids were finally dragged out from behind their lockers, Bobbie beat the great Helen Filkey, satin shorts and all, so did Rosa Grosse—Bobbie winning the race.

So great was the triumph that the girls were invited to the Millrose Games in New York and the Meadowbrook Games in Philadelphia, where they won impressively. Finally in 1928 Bobbie ran in the Amsterdam Olympics. This started out as a rare turn of luck because in 1927 Rosenfeld had torn ligaments in her right knee playing softball and missed a year of track. But she gained a place in the Halifax trials as a discus thrower and fourth member of the relay team. In Amsterdam the team learned it could enter four runners in the sprints and as Bobbie's knee began to come around with training she was entered. So the girl got her big chance—but then fate cheated her of a championship.

In the preliminary heats she twice broke the Olympic 100-yards record, but as she came up for the final she was unnerved by the fact teammate Myrtle Cook had been disqualified for making two false starts. Thinking about that subconsciously, Bobbie was left by a yard in her starting holes as the gun cracked and then she came on swiftly for a blanket finish.

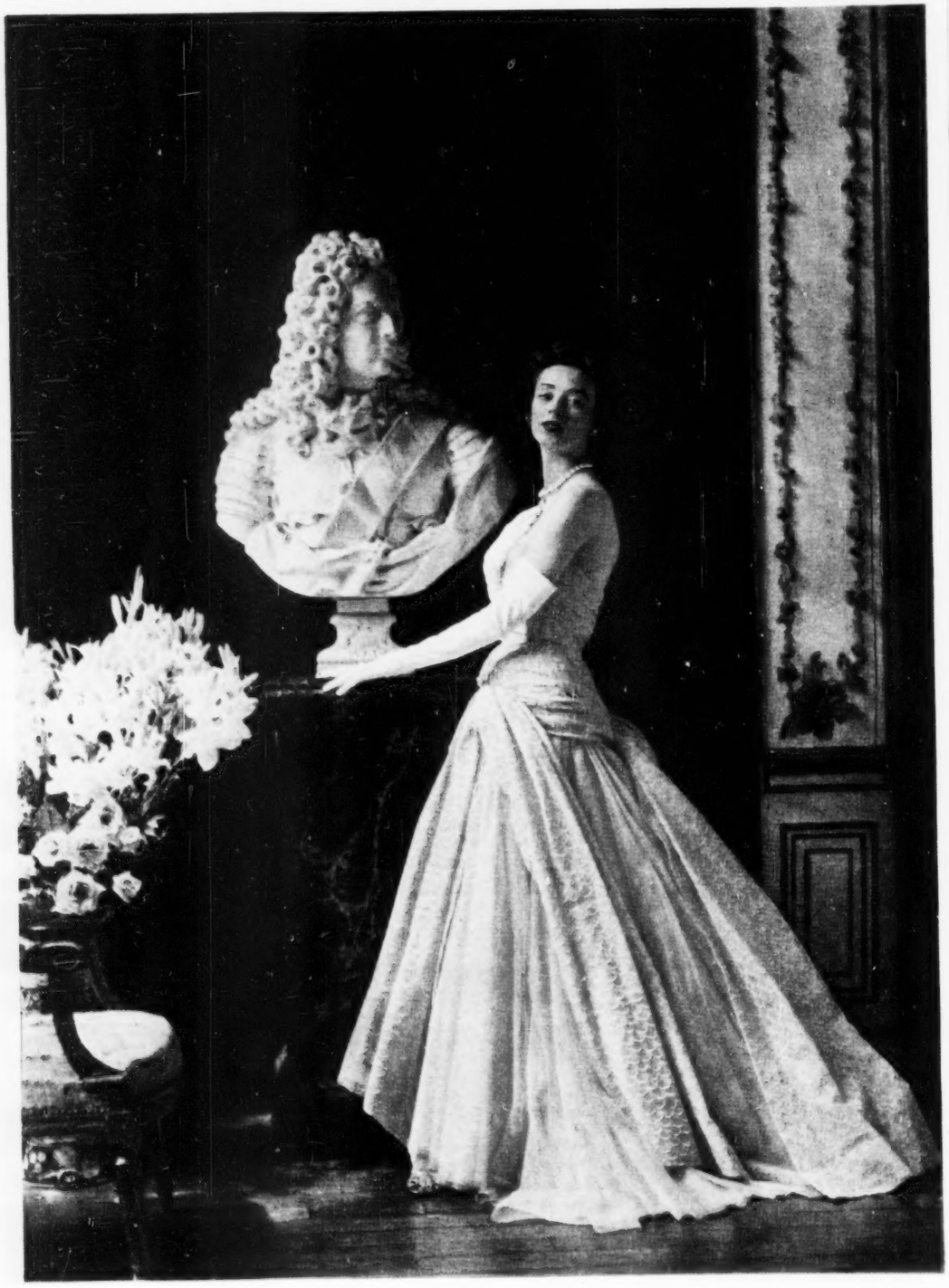
"Wha Hoppen?"

The French judge, charged with picking the second-place finisher, grabbed Betty Robinson of Chicago, feeling Bobbie had won. But the English judge, whose job was to grab the winner, also reached for Robinson so there were the two of them, holding one sprinter. The Canadian team felt Bobbie had won the Olympic championship but believed it unsportsmanlike to protest when Robinson was declared winner and Bobbie second. The following February, at New York's Millrose Games, Rosenfeld whipped Robinson by five yards. And she had beaten her in the Olympic heats preceding the final.

In 1929 arthritis struck for the first time and ended her track career. She was in bed for eight months and spent two years on crutches.

But what marks she left! Bobbie Rosenfeld still holds the Canadian records for the running broad jump (18 feet 3 inches) and the discus throw (121 feet). One time she won a club championship all by herself when she was her club's only entrant in a Toronto track meet. Her firsts in the 100, 200, broad jump and discus throw and her seconds in the javelin and shot put, gave her more points than any of the other clubs which had entered entire teams.

In her time, softball came from sandlot obscurity to night games drawing crowds of 5,000 at Sunnyside Stadium. Even in 1931, after she'd recovered from arthritis, she led the league in home



Modess . . . *because*

runs. In her time, basketball became a major girls' sport and in 1925, playing for the YWHA, she helped defeat the renowned Toronto Ladies and qualify to meet the Edmonton Grads. She likes to remember that one:

"The Hebrew Association thought we were wonderful. They sent us out West in a private car, bought us new uniforms and booked us into a big hotel. They figured we were going to murder the Grads. Then we played the first game and scored one point! The Grads whipped us 18-1 and I think that's where the phrase, 'Wha Hoppen?' was coined. Everybody in the East began sending wires demanding a saliva test."

Rosenfeld's active career finally ended in 1933 when she underwent a double hernia operation. She coached the Canadian British Empire Games team in London in 1934, but after her return she had no idea what to do. She made a sprinting start as an insurance salesman, earning $185 her first week. However, when she called on Tommy Munns, then sports editor (and now assistant managing editor) of the Globe and Mail, Munns bought no insurance. Instead he sold Rosenfeld on writing a daily feature on women's sports.

Golden Era Ended

"Sports was my first love," she says, so she went into the newspaper business in 1937 and has been at it ever since. Though a rollicking sort most of the time, the tough-cracking Bobbie has understandably bred a few enemies as well as friends in newspaper and sport circles. However, she's definitely the pride of the girls who work in the Globe's cheery sixth-floor cafeteria.

They tell of the time Bobbie caught the eye of the waitress behind the counter and pointed vigorously at a delicious baked ham. Then she looked at the ceiling and said to the girl: "I'll have some of the salmon, please." She moved along with her plate of baked ham and muttered to the cashier: "God knows I asked for salmon."

Girls' sports have receded from the tremendous prominence they knew during Bobbie's career. "Nowadays school sports are confined to a lot of nonsense like Swiss wand waving and folk dancing."

Today Bobbie writes less about girls' athletics and more about general sports, which has its disadvantages for a woman, like being barred from dressing rooms and press boxes. But the hours are good.

Rosenfeld, who lives with her parents in the Markham St. home the family have occupied since they first came to Toronto, usually strolls into the Globe office in the late afternoon. She passes the time of day over dinner with the editorial crowd in the cafeteria, peruses the out-of-town papers for ideas and bits of gossip, makes a phone call or two and then sits down at her typewriter to tap out 500 words.

None of this, of course, is as simple as it sounds; it requires a good deal of background knowledge and good contacts with sports figures. It involves attending and writing sidelights on golf tournaments and Stanley Cup hockey finals and football classics and ice revues. As the lady herself has pointed out: "Sometimes it can be real rough. Sometimes it's almost as tough as working." ✦

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Simplicity heralds the timeless seasonless round-the-calendar suit. A real innovation in a budget wardrobe, your spring suit will also be the crisp lightweight answer to summer's inevitable suit days. Make it in one of the new bantam-weight rayon or worsted suitings, and it will march briskly into fall and slip neatly under your bulkiest winter coat.

Far left: No. 3338—A coral-colored "Dandy" suit, sharply outlined in black braid. Centre: No. 3444, a carefully streamlined basic which affords full play to fabrics and accessories. Right: No. 3355—This gay cutaway with its double-breasted detail has a jaunty air . . . buttons, collar and cuffs of soft pussy-willow velveteen.

For Simplicity pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 72

PLUCER

Are you in the know?

What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

☐ Eager beaver ☐ Thumbs down ☐ Think it over

Ee-magine—being asked to tomorrow night's dance on such short notice! Should you gals say nay? Think it over. If the boys have jobs, it may be hard for them to plan ahead; or could be they're low on loot. If there's no excuse, better squelch eleventh-hour bids. But just because it's calendar time, you've **no excuse for** date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. See how poised you can be when you discover those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines! And that *this* softness *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!

Is "snooper" the word for a—

☐ School paper columnist
☐ Chaperone
☐ Chapeau

You could check all 3 answers and who'd argue? Main thing, though, is the chapeau. Sharp as Sherlock and twice as newsy, this "snooper" cap's a date-stalker! Comes in chintz, calico, tie silk, etc.—to suit your different spring togs. And just so you can choose the kind of *sanitary protection* to suit you—Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). By trying all 3, you'll find the very one for you.

When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

☐ Ladies first
☐ Ladies last
☐ Look before you leap

When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—ladies *last* is the rule to remember. That's so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. Why tempt fate or thwart his gallantry by leaping to the street a'fore him? Why take risks at *any* time? You know, you can side-step problem-day "accidents" as surely as you can say "Kotex" . . . because, with that special *safety center* you get *extra* protection. Important . . . no?

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3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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How to prepare for certain days?

☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute, buy a new Kotex belt *now*.

Kotex Sanitary Belt . . . Buy two—for a change!

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) Won't you try Delsey, next time?

PLAN YOUR WEDDING

Continued from page 29

summer wedding dress is to be able to shed that here-comes-the-bride feeling along with the veil and the long or short coat or overskirt. You must not only look different but feel different—as is instantly noticeable in comparing the two photographs of our wedding dress.

I also picked up some clever dodges concerning veils during my preseason session with the other brides' consultants. Although heirloom veils are still worn for church weddings, fingertip veils are on the increase both for the formal and informal wedding. And don't be tempted to use the heirloom veil if it is showing signs of wear and tear. It, too, is convertible. Clever effects are being achieved by appliquéing the best pieces of the heirloom veil to the wedding gown or fingertip veil, thereby retaining the bride's sentimental contact with mother or grandmother's wedding day. If the long veil is preferred, be sure it is 18 inches longer than the train.

As far as materials are concerned, I think 1951 will be a big year for sheers, particularly organdie and nylon lace. But again, with much emphasis on appliqué and embroidery.

Satin is still a popular choice for formal weddings. But for summer weddings, this material should be combined with lace insets, overskirts of net, lace or marquisette.

An increasingly popular style of wedding dress is the ballerina or floor-length gown with a short jacket to cover the bare neck and shoulders.

More and more brides are veering away from dead white or ivory white bridal gowns. The old anathema to color for the bride has vanished, but see to it that if pastel shades are used they are so delicate as to merely suggest color. White over a pastel shade is the very newest combination.

Attendants' gowns still run through the delicate springflower shades—mauve, orange, apricot to sun-yellow and yellow-green.

Headdresses continue small and head-hugging—small caps, bonnets, helmets and headbands.

How to Run a Wedding

One evening back in 1938 I stood at the top of a beautiful winding staircase in the home of old Toronto friends. There was a wedding reception in progress below me but it looked more like a January sale. It was then that the idea of a brides' consultant was born in my mind.

Why couldn't there be someone to bring order out of chaos and save the bride's parents from post-wedding collapse?

When I suggested the idea a friend said, "Maybe you've got something, only Canadians won't go for it." But I was convinced people would welcome expert service, graciously given.

That was the beginning. A few weeks later I opened a wedding bureau in Eaton's downtown Toronto store—the first of its kind in the world. And the same family whose chaotic nuptials had given me the brain wave, turned over their second daughter and her wedding to me as my first assignment. There were 750 guests and I waded right in up to my ears.

Since that time I've planned and executed thousands of weddings, and I've learned the worst about a whole string of troubles which are bound to occur if you don't know how to head them off.

Let's look at some of them.

Appoint a Director

If you're planning a large wedding, and there's no professional brides' consultant where you live, select someone to see that everything gets done—someone who isn't a member of the bridal party; someone who's businesslike and sympathetic.

The next step is to make out a list of things to be done, then check them off as they're attended to. Divide your list into four parts: Before Wedding, Wedding Day, House and Church.

Now stand back and take a good look at your home. Can you get all your guests in? Estimate the available space, including halls and allow five square feet per person. For example, if your living room is 20 by 12 feet, you find your 240 sq. feet will accommodate 48 guests at the very outside and only if most of the furniture has been taken from the room. The inclination is to overestimate the capacity of the house.

Remove any doors that will stop the easy flow of guests from one room to another. I saw a wedding guest almost lose her skirt once when a side drape caught on a doorknob as she tried to squeeze by.

Be sure to lift all lights that are likely to scalp your tallest friends. Remove as much furniture as possible, leaving seats for elderly guests only. Don't worry about your rooms looking bare and empty, your guests will dress them up.

Avoid Traffic Jams

You'll avoid a great deal of confusion if you can arrange to have guests check their coats as they come in—find a friend to volunteer for this job. Don't have men and women check separately as bottlenecks will jam the receiving line while they wait around for one another.

Always place your punchbowl as far away as possible from stairs and doorways or this favorite gathering spot will also cause traffic snarls.

It is a courtesy to your guests to display the wedding gifts. Most wedding bureaus provide special tables and covers for this purpose and have found that pinky-beige covers fit into any room.

If you are having a canopy over the door and are hiring a caterer, have the firms involved send someone to the house for a preliminary discussion. You can't be sure of settling such details over the phone.

If you have a small dining room, put the bridal cake on a small table at one end of the living room. Voices carry better the length of a room. Sometimes the bridal party needs a platform to stand on so that they may be seen and heard, especially at a garden wedding.

These days pictures of the bride are usually taken at her home the day of the wedding, about an hour and a half before the ceremony. This gives her a chance to see how she looks in her

Continued on page 54

be wiser
—buy

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CAPRICIOUS—
Sunny skintone for the loveliest of legs!
MAPLE—
Warm cocoa brown for glove-lovely hands!
. . . at the nicest stores

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. . . the beauty and softness of "Tex-made" sheets. Their strong weave and fine white finish will keep them looking lovely through the years. Ask for "Tex-made" sheets, they are available in four qualities (listed below) to suit all budgets.

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bridal array, get the feeling of her gown and get rid of her nervousness.

And pin the veil on so that it will stay. Use hairpins or bobbypins in three places—temples and front—two at each point, interlocked.

Order the flowers delivered half an hour before the pictures are to be taken and don't open until needed. They keep longer in the boxes. And as soon as the bride's dress and veil arrive, hang them high so that the wrinkles will fall out.

The groom should bring the license to the church the night of the rehearsal so that it won't have to be sent for the day of the wedding. A jittery groom kept one of my wedding parties waiting almost an hour once when he couldn't remember whether he had left the license at the hotel or the bride's home.

The groom should be in the church at least 15 minutes before the bride, to sign all the papers. This will cut down the time spent in the vestry after the ceremony.

Brides think that if they pick up their dress when they get into the taxi on the way to the church, it won't wrinkle. On the contrary this seems to crush it more. When you enter the taxi pull your dress well down under you, then pick up the train and fold it over your knees.

Before the bride goes down the aisle have someone blow out her dress by lifting the skirt and fanning air under it.

Watch That Step

If you have a white carpet, the bride's father should walk as far to the left of the bride as possible, leaving the centre of the carpet for her.

I don't like the hesitation bridal step as I think it makes the men in the bridal party look ridiculous. I prefer a natural slow step.

During some church wedding ceremonies, members of the bridal party are strung out across the front like birds on a wire. I prefer the clergyman and bridal couple to form the trinity with the best man and maid of honor one step back and the rest of the bridal party over far enough so as not to block the view of the bride's and groom's parents.

Ushers should not drive their own cars away from the church. Their first duty is to the bride and groom, and the bridal party should stay together. I would also like to say to all ushers, "Do your duty first. See that the guests are served and happy before heading for the punch bowl."

When the bride and groom leave the church they should be followed briskly—though not so briskly that they give the impression of running away from the church—by the maid of honor and best man, the ushers and bridesmaids and the four parents. This will give the bridal party greater time for group pictures at the house before the guests arrive. And the pictures taken, the wise bride will substitute a pair of low shoes or bedroom slippers for her wedding shoes, before taking her place in the receiving line. She'll understand why before the reception is over.

Bridesmaids have a habit of leaving their bouquets around on tops of things—the piano for instance. Arranged on the bridal table they can be effective and lovely.

When the bride is toasted it looks so much nicer to see the entire bridal party grouped behind or near the bridal table.

One piece of advice I'd like to give the toastmaster is this: announce those making the toasts but *never* those making the responses. The bride's toastmaster is either the clergyman or an old friend of the family. The groom and best man should respond to toasts without having to be asked.

If there are many telegrams to be read, ask the best man to read only brief bits from each and only the outstanding ones. Guests get awfully weary of going through uninspired messages such as "To Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, love and greetings, on this happy day, Bob and Nora."

In reply to the toast to the bride's mother, the bride's father usually asks me, "What will I say?" I tell him to say all the things he's neglected to say in the last 25 years—although this could make some weddings interminably long.

Should either the bride's mother or the groom's mother be a widow, the eldest son or an old friend of the family responds to this toast.

Another important tip to the bride: before throwing your bouquet, have someone take a few flowers from it for both your mother and mother-in-law. This is becoming one of the nicest traditions I know.

Beware Heavy Make-up

Brides should never wear heavy make-up; never bright red nail polish. Wear natural or a light color.

Neither should brides and their attendants wear earrings or bracelets. A single strand of pearls or an heirloom chain is quite sufficient. And never a wrist watch. I am continually taking watches away from brides and bridesmaids.

I am often appalled to find that after the wedding is over and the bride and groom get away, parents never hear a word from the young marrieds. Brides—telephone your parents or write immediately you arrive at your destination, and thank them for all they've done.

And one last piece of advice, if you want to save yourself a great big post-honeymoon headache, write and thank your friends for their gifts as soon as the presents arrive. Your friends will appreciate it and, in the long run, so will you. ✦

In May Chatelaine

Is Your Interior Decorator Hanging on Your Wall?

There's an exciting new trick which will help anyone decorate a room with a perfectly balanced color scheme.

If you've ever said: "I can't make up my mind what color to use . . ." or "What color would you suggest?" this article is for you.

One of the many helpful home-planning features coming next month.

Your day-long comfort is knitted right into—

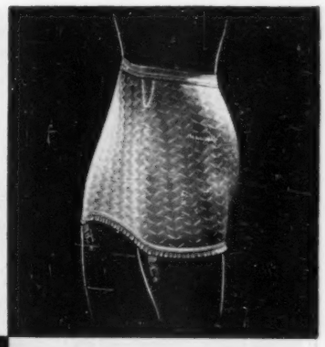
NEW GOTHIC

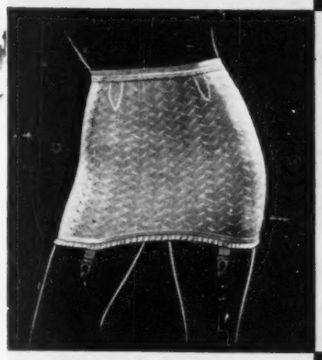
all-way stretch!

Naturally the new Gothic knitted girdle makes others seem old-fashioned!

The new Gothic has all-way stretch—looks so tiny—yet it gr-o-o-ws to smooth you! *And it won't run or ravel*—because it's Locknit* elastic, nylon and rayon!

The new Gothic . . . has gentle little Cordtex* inserts at the smooth waistband! Naturally it keeps you neater and trimmer than old-fashioned types that roll over!





And oh! *happy day*—the new Gothic has those wonderful, wonderful, Fabrilast* garters! They simply won't break!

Here is the Gothic girdle. Fit it to your natural waistline! In sizes small, medium, large . . . choose from white, black, ice blue, maize or tea rose.

Ask for Gothic with Cordtex . . . *all-ways* best . . . at leading corset counters

GOTHIC WITH Cordtex

Another Dominion Corset Creation

*Trade Mark

The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

QUEEN MARY

Continued from page 21

blush-rose shade; the knives and teaspoons were of mauve-pink enamel on silver.

I can picture the table so clearly now. Nothing was ever changed on it, the fare always the same—a dishful of scones and muffins and a cake. I would stand beside the table for a moment while Queen Mary made the tea; this she always did before she sat down.

In the middle of this preparation she would say, "Do sit down, my dear." Then we would both be seated.

Boiling water came from a silver kettle hanging over a methylated spirit lamp. The kettle, like many other objects in that and other rooms of Marlborough House, bore the monogram V.R.—for Victoria Regina.

We would eat hot scones and cake, using small silver and enamel forks. Halfway through tea Queen Mary would refill the teapot from the kettle, and take from the tray a curious instrument—a slender silver pipe, nine or 10 inches long, funnel-shaped at one end. Blowing down this pipe, she would put out the blue flame under the kettle.

A Wonderful Ally

Perhaps that blow-pipe was Queen Victoria's too. With the firelight flickering on the silver kettle, it was easy to imagine that we were back in the Victorian age. There was always a feeling of permanence, of stability, in that little room.

After tea we talked for an hour or more, but never of the past. The Victorian illusion vanished as Queen Mary, with her alert mind alive to the facts of today, spoke of plays, books, films and people. She is always greatly interested in what the critics have to say about a play she has just seen.

From the tearoom we would go back to the sitting room for a real discussion of many subjects. Nearly always I had come to consult her concerning some point that had arisen in connection with her granddaughters' lessons. A change in the schoolroom time-table, for example. When the present King and Queen took the throne in 1936 it seemed clear that the change in the position of the Princesses—then just 10 and six—called for alterations in their training. At the Queen's request I had sent Princess Elizabeth's school time-table to Queen Mary, and it became almost a matter of course to go to her for advice. Whenever I felt the responsibility too heavy for me alone, I found a wonderful ally in Queen Mary.

Often we spent half an hour drawing up lists of places of historical interest that Queen Mary had planned to take the children to see. At about six o'clock she would rise and say how nice it was to have had a talk. And then I would curtsy again and depart, thinking on the way back to the palace of the plans for the next of Queen Mary's outings for the children.

These were what we called "the little excursions" which Queen Mary, the little princesses and I, made every Monday afternoon for several years.

I used to receive a little note, saying that Queen Mary would arrive at the palace at two o'clock, and at two o'clock

precisely we would be whisked off in her car to see something old or new, but always wonderful. On the way the princesses would chatter of the marvels they were going to witness. On one occasion I remember Princess Margaret saying, "Shall we see the block where they used to chop the heads off?"—but that wasn't the day for our visit to the Tower of London.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were excited by the mechanical models in the science museum at South Kensington. I well remember Queen Mary pushing the buttons on the glass cases with every bit as much enjoyment as the two little girls got from seeing the wheels go round and the model trains and factories begin to work.

"Oh, Grannie, come and see this!" the children would cry. "Look at what I've found."

Sir Walter's Cloak

At one museum, on a very warm afternoon, we climbed many stairs to inspect the fierce heads of countless lions and tigers in cases. Queen Mary showed more than usual interest in a group of heads of tigers which had been shot by King George V. She seemed a little puzzled as she looked from one to another of the heads and at last she asked, "But shouldn't there be another one here? A particularly fine tiger?"

After much searching and questioning it was discovered that the head had been taken down to be de-mothed and cleaned. All those tigers looked exactly alike to me. I should not have missed an absentee in a hundred visits.

I remember the day when Queen Mary took us to see the beautiful Painted Hall at Greenwich, outside which she placed the toe of her umbrella on the very stones where Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have laid his cloak over a puddle for Queen Elizabeth to step on and keep her feet dry. The children, for once, were silent for a moment. Even Princess Margaret was overawed. "Why," said Princess Elizabeth, "there's a little hollow even now." And there was.

Another afternoon at the Tower of London we were shown the beautiful black oak table at which Raleigh had dined while he was a prisoner in the Tower, after his fall from favor. We held our breath while we traced with our fingers his initials, carved by his own hand on the table.

On the same day, while we were being shown the dungeon in which the saintly Thomas More spent the last months of his life, Princess Margaret discovered a small inner cell. While the others were talking, she led me into the darkness. Suddenly she gave a little yelp of fright and clung to me. Before us was one of those large, stuffed heads of Highland cattle, with long white horns which shone in the light from the opening of the cell. We came out of the cell faster than we had gone in.

Princess Margaret was never content only to listen; she had to explore on her own. Princess Elizabeth was interested in everything that was shown to us, but Princess Margaret at the time was too young to get excited at such things as the technical details of machines and mechanical processes.

She would wander around and find amusement elsewhere. A boomerang, or, better still, a mummy, could so enchant her that it kept her silent and still; and her silence and stillness were so noticeable that I had to go and see what she had found.

Queen Mary has a remarkable faculty for understanding how things work. One afternoon at the Mint we saw money run along a moving belt, count itself into bags, tie itself up and spring into a basket on wheels. Queen Mary wanted to know, step by step, just how it all was done. She listened intently while an official explained.

Accident Before Tea

"Thank you," she said. "Now I understand perfectly." There, then, was one more acquisition to the store of knowledge that she has been accumulating all her life.

"I have never been bored in my life," said Queen Mary once to a friend. Perhaps that is why she never seems to get tired, even at eighty-four.

When she was seventy-six she walked up 144 steps to the top of the memorial tower at Hawkesbury, and, after admiring the view, walked calmly down. After three hours exploring a museum the Princesses and I were glad to rest, but not Queen Mary. Back at the Privy Purse door of Buckingham Palace the

Continued on page 79

IN THE BAG

You'll find room for a million and one things in this spacious flowerpot bag. And it's easy to make . . . even if you don't knit or crochet. Just cut a cardboard frame according to our pattern, and coil the cord around it. Perch a bouquet of spring posies on the top—violets on navy; daisies on black. No. S252.

Order from Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont. Pattern price, 5 cents.

This intriguing floor was created by a clever use of Dominion Jaspé Linoleum tiles (pattern J/722). The "grain" in jaspé linoleum gives a "texture" effect which is pleasing to the eye . . . and in tile form makes possible a wide variety of unusual arrangements. Ask your dealer for attractive illustrated booklet.

Be original with JASPÉ *Linoleum Tiles*

Dominion Jaspé Linoleum tiles offer you unlimited opportunity for designing texture-fascinating floors in softly harmonizing duo-tones or blended colours. Notice how the floor above brings out the shades of furniture, walls . . . and dress. Jaspé forms the perfect base for *any* colour scheme, *any* period furnishing, in *any* room in the house.

Practical, too! Jaspé linoleum floors are always clean-looking, for the jaspé effect obscures smudges or footprints — labour-saving! And they are resilient, sound-deadening, long-lasting. These tiles come in a wide range of smart "decorator" colours which you can combine to suit your own taste. Your dealer will be glad to show you how easily anyone can lay Dominion Linoleum Tiles.

Time-Tested Linoleum

Dominion Linoleum floors have withstood the test of time. Some of them in stores, homes, hospitals, have forty years of constant wear behind them and are still in fine condition — still as good-looking and resilient as ever.

IN TILES OR BY THE YARD — A PRODUCT OF
DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED, Montreal • Established 1872

Busy in the Institute kitchen are Margaret Meadows and Marion Graham testing the recipes for the April menus below

MENUS FOR A WEEK IN APRIL

As a guide for your April meals the Institute has planned a complete menu program for every day in one week.

In planning these menus our staff studied the market situation as predicted for early spring. Canada's food rules were observed so the week's meals would be well balanced nutritionally. They are thrifty meals, too, although an occasional company dinner has not been overlooked.

Our aim is to suggest ideas for meals that are seasonal, moderately priced and easy to prepare. By including Institute tested recipes for many of the dishes we hope to simplify for you the carrying through of the menus, making them more practical and workable.

Marie Holmes,
Director, Chatelaine Institute

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON	DINNER
MONDAY	*Apple Sauce* *Cereal* *Bran Muffins and Honey* *Coffee or Milk*	*Cheese Puffit** *Fruit Cup* *Sugar Cookies* *Tea or Milk*	*Baby Beef Liver and Bacon* *Fried Onions* *Whipped Potatoes* *Cabbage, Carrot and Raisin Salad* *Lemon-orange Meringue Pie** *Coffee*
TUESDAY	*Orange Juice* *Cereal* *Poached Eggs on Toast* *Coffee or Cocoa*	*Corn Scallop** *Chili Sauce* *Lettuce Wedges* *Caramel Pudding* *Tea or Milk*	BUDGET DINNER *Braised Stuffed Heart** *Savory Dressing* *Sweet and Sour Sauce* *Buttered Noodles* *Spinach* *Mashed Turnips* *Rhubarb Crisp* *Coffee* *(Approximate cost for four as of Feb. 1 — $2.20)*
WEDNESDAY	*Grapefruit Juice* *Porridge* *Whole-wheat Toast* *Black Currant Jam* *Coffee or Cocoa*	*Grilled Double-decker Sandwiches** *Coleslaw* *Banana Milkshake*	*Tomato Juice* *Roast Shoulder of Veal** *Red Currant Jelly* *Creamed Canned Asparagus* *Pan-browned Potatoes* *Tapioca Pudding* *Walnut Slice* *Coffee*
THURSDAY	*Orange Slices* *Porridge* *Whole-wheat Toast* *Grilled Bacon* *Coffee or Cocoa*	*Veal Jambalaya** *Pears* *Walnut Slice* *Tea or Milk*	*Broiled Sausages* *Apple Sauce* *Mexican Kernel Corn* *Baked Potatoes* *Rolls* *Fig Soufflé** *Coffee*

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON	DINNER
FRIDAY	*Stewed Prunes* *Cereal* *Toasted Rolls* *Orange Marmalade* *Coffee or Cocoa*	*Spanish Omelet** *Bananas and Cream* *Muffins* *Tea or Milk*	*Pan-fried Haddock Fillets* *Harvard Beets* *Parsley Potatoes* *Tossed Salad with Russian Dressing* *Southern Cream** *Chocolate Chip Cookies* *Coffee*
SATURDAY	*Apple Juice* *Cereal* *Cinnamon Toast* *Coffee or Cocoa*	*Wiener Splits** *Potato Chips* *Pear Cream Cheese and Jelly Salad* *Baked Custard with Butterscotch Sauce* *Tea or Milk*	*Savory Meat Roll** *Tomato Sauce* *Vegetable Casserole—* *potatoes, onions, carrots* *Perfection Salad* *Lime Sherbet* *Chocolate Cake* *Coffee*
SUNDAY	*Half Grapefruit* *Porridge* *Bacon and Eggs* *Whole-wheat Toast* *Coffee or Cocoa*	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER *Waffles* *Maple Syrup* *Celery Curls and Cheese* *Stewed Rhubarb* *Nut and Fruit Loaf* *Tea or Milk*	*Vegetable Juice* *Baked Ham Slice with Orange Marmalade Glaze** *Frozen Green Peas* *Scalloped Potatoes* *Mustard Pickles* *Grape Sponge* *Custard Sauce* *Coffee*

* RECIPES ▶▶▶

Our suggestion for Friday's dessert—Southern Cream with chocolate chip cookies.

Double treat!

Make hot frothy drinks — *and* your favorite cakes, cookies, puddings and pies — *all* with Fry's Cocoa.

The whole family will love its richer *chocolate* flavor! Try these tasty chocolate oatmeal cookies — and see for yourself.

CHOCOLATE OATMEAL COOKIES

Cream until soft . . .
½ cup shortening

Add gradually . . .
1 cup sifted brown sugar

Beating all the time, add . . .
1 egg

When well mixed, add . . .
½ cup quick cooking oats

Measure . . .
⅓ cup milk
½ cup raisins

Sift together . . .
1 cup pastry flour
¼ cup Fry's Cocoa
¼ teaspoon powdered cloves
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Then add slowly to first mixture, alternately with milk and raisins. Drop from teaspoon onto cookie sheet. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven (375°F). Remove immediately from sheet.

FREE! Write today for your FRY-CADBURY COOKBOOK 70 delicious recipes

Simply send your name and address to: Fry-Cadbury Ltd. Montreal, Que., Dept. A-1.

FRY'S

The cocoa with the richer chocolate flavor

Always keep these other fine Fry-Cadbury products handy — for all your chocolate needs:
FRY'S DIAMOND SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE — CADBURY'S INSTANT DRINKING CHOCOLATE
FRY'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE CHIPS

Economical yet hearty is this savory meat roll. Ideal, too, for this meal is vegetable salad molded in sparkling jelly.

RECIPES FOR MENUS FOR A WEEK IN APRIL

Continued from page 59

CHEESE PUFFIT

1 cup cooked ham
2 teaspoons onion
2 tablespoons shortening
2 thick slices bread
¼ lb. nippy cheese, grated
2 eggs, separated
1 1/3 cups hot milk
1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon minced parsley

Put ham and onion through meat grinder. Then fry the meat mixture in melted shortening until lightly browned. Arrange in the bottom of a greased, 1½ quart size casserole. Cut the bread in small cubes. Combine the bread, cheese, beaten egg yolks, hot milk, butter or margarine, salt, paprika and parsley. Mix well. Then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and blend. Pour over ham. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 45 minutes. Serves 6. Note: Any canned luncheon meat may be substituted for ham.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

LEMON-ORANGE MERINGUE PIE

2 egg yolks, beaten
Grated rind of ½ lemon
Grated rind of ½ orange
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup orange juice
1 can sweetened condensed milk (1 1/3 cups)

Meringue:
2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
4 tablespoons sugar

Combine all ingredients for pie filling. Beat with rotary beater. Pour into an 8-inch baked, chilled pie crust. Top with meringue made by beating the egg whites until frothy. Then add cream of tartar and beat until the mixture stands in peaks. Add sugar gradually and beat until glossy. Pile meringue on filling and spread toward edge so that it touches crust all around. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve cold.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CORN SCALLOP

1 small green pepper, chopped
½ onion, finely chopped
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon mustard
Few grains cayenne
½ cup milk
1 cup fresh or canned corn
1 egg yolk
½ cup bread crumbs
2/3 cup buttered crumbs

In a saucepan cook pepper, onion and butter or margarine for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add flour, mixed with seasonings, and blend well. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Bring to the boiling point, and add corn, egg yolk, and bread crumbs. Turn mixture into greased baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake in hot oven (400 deg. F.) until crumbs are brown. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BRAISED STUFFED HEART

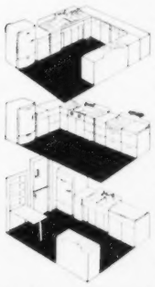
Veal heart (about one pound)
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons fat
1 medium onion, chopped
1 cup celery, chopped
1 cup canned tomatoes
6 tablespoons vinegar
2 teaspoons sugar
2 cups hot water

Cut out membranes and hard parts to form pocket for dressing. Wash in cold water. Drain and wipe dry. Stuff with Savory dressing (see recipe).

Continued on page 62

Practical planning ideas for kitchen convenience

Before planning a kitchen it's often well to ask yourself a few questions to determine just what you intend to do in it. For example: do you plan to eat in the kitchen . . . or do some entertaining there? Will the children sometimes use it as a playroom? Do you want it to serve also as a sewing room? Will you be doing light laundry and ironing there? Answers to such questions provide a good starting point for planning the kind of kitchen that best suits your particular requirements and desires.



CENTRE—Whatever the layout decided upon, however, nothing deserves more consideration than the selection of the right type of sink. Around it revolve so many of the daily household duties. It's both the centre of meal preparation and the cleaning-up centre. You want the right type for your needs, with the right size, depth and convenient work area.

Today's kitchen sinks may be divided into two main types, both with many variations. There is the flat rim type that can be built in flush with a continuous tile, linoleum or composition counter top. Such are available in the Crane line in sturdy Porcelain-on-Steel with either single or double basin, and with or without integral back ledge. Then there is the sink combined with drainboard as a continuous unit, suitable for cabinet installation. Crane has a complete variety of these, too—in gleaming porcelain enamel cast iron. They are available with either single or double basin, and may be obtained with drainboard on either or both sides. Your Plumbing Contractor will be glad to supply you with full information on the different types from which you can make your desired selection.

WINDOW—Just because the sink is such an important work centre, where so much time is spent every day, it's a good idea to have a window over it, offering an outside view and providing the most light where light is most useful. And it's well, too, to consider an electric light over the sink with its own control switch.

STORAGE—You can hardly have too much storage space in the kitchen—especially if there is no pantry. You'll want cabinets for storing packaged and canned foods near the refrigerator, for pots and pans near the sink, and for cooking utensils, etc., near the range. Under-sink cabinets are valuable—and all Crane sinks can be supplied with factory-made cabinets to match modern kitchen interiors.

HOT WATER—Much of the value of the modern sink depends upon a plentiful supply of hot water. Here again, you'll want to consult your Plumbing and Heating Contractor. He can tell you of the many different types of domestic hot water heating equipment available. One of the most interesting recent developments is the "Biltin" tankless instantaneous coil—part and parcel of the modern Crane heating boiler—which gives you an uninterrupted supply of hot water without a storage tank.

Most satisfactory way to obtain a flow of water at the exactly right temperature is to have a "mixing spout faucet" which delivers the water through one spout.

FAUCETS—Once a faucet starts dripping, replace the washer promptly. It's a good rule to have new washers put on your taps twice a year. Better still, get the new "Dial-ese" faucets which close with the pressure, operate with finger-tip control. They reduce wear and consequent wasteful dripping of hot or cold water. There is a "Dial-ese" design for every use in the home—on bathtubs and washbasins, sinks and laundry tubs.

WHY TRAPS? The main reason for the U-shaped traps under all plumbing fixtures is not for the recovery of valuables "lost down the drain". They create a "water seal" which keeps dangerous sewer gases from rising through the waste pipe.

Consult your Architect and Plumbing and Heating Contractor—That's one of the best ideas of all—whether you're selecting, installing or operating plumbing and heating equipment. Ask him for the booklet "A Guide To Planning the Modern Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry"—or write to Crane General Office, 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

for every home... for every budget.... **CRANE** *...the preferred plumbing!*

She has the right idea—but—

Little Helper's well-meant efforts may sometimes have the opposite result—but she certainly has the right idea: to lighten mother's kitchen work.

Anything that can help accomplish *that* is important—and nothing more important than the right sink. It should be convenient and easy-to-clean, with enduring finish and spacious work area.

The right sink for *your* requirements is available in the complete Crane line—with single or double basin, single or double drainboard—and all the practical features that make kitchen work easier. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor. He'll be glad to help you select the Crane sink that best suits your particular plans.

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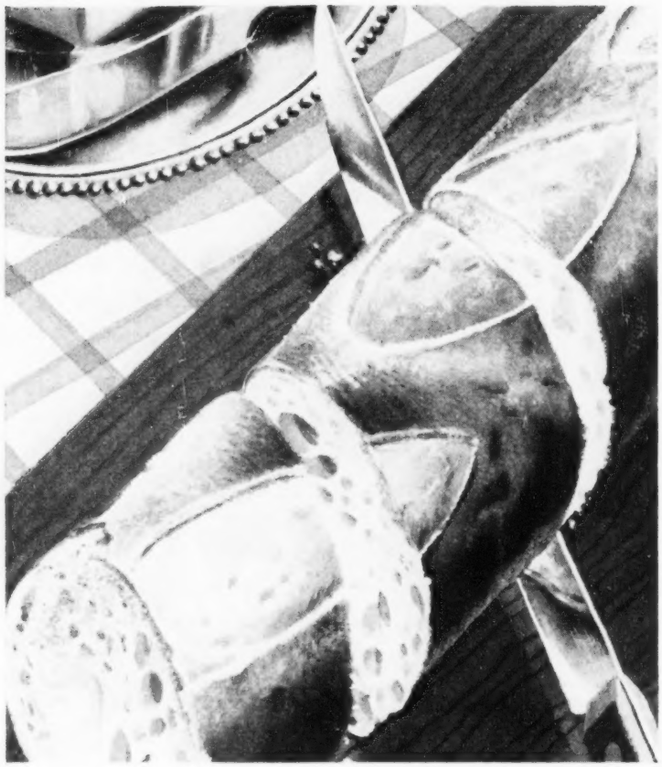
Surprise! Treat!

REAL FRENCH BREAD



Gloriously Crusty, Wonderfully Tasty — made with fast-acting DRY Yeast!

● Once you've nibbled the crust of this super-crispy French Bread you'll never be able to stop! Men will go on a bread diet for *days* with it! It's fascinatingly simple to make with this recipe—using the wonderful new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

If you bake at home—forget your former worries with perishable yeast! Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps full-strength and fast-acting for months without refrigeration! Keep it in the cupboard — get a dozen packages to-day.

FRENCH BREAD
(makes 3 loaves)

Scald

½ cup milk
¾ cup water
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl

½ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well, stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Measure into a large mixing bowl

4½ cups once-sifted bread flour

Make a well in the centre and add liquids all at once. Mix thoroughly, then knead slightly in the bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and set in a warm place, free from draught; let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough, cover with damp cloth and again let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and divide into 3 equal portions. Knead each piece lightly and shape into a slim loaf about 12 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets and with a pair of scissors, cut diagonal slashes in top of loaves, about 1½ inches apart. Let rise, uncovered, until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, for 15 minutes, then reduce oven heat to 350°, bake 15 minutes, brush with a mixture of 1 slightly-beaten egg white and 2 tablespoons water and bake until loaves are cooked—about 20 minutes longer. Cool bread in a draught, by an open window.

Skewer into shape or sew edges of meat together. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; dredge with flour and brown in hot fat, with onion and celery. Turn heart occasionally till well browned. Add tomatoes and cook for two minutes. Then place heart in small deep baking pan with onions, celery and tomatoes. Add vinegar, sugar and hot water. Cover and cook 1½ to 2 hours in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Serves 4. Note: If desired, the gravy may be thickened with flour before serving.

Pressure Cooker Method

Prepare heart according to directions above. Then heat cooker and brown heart in hot fat. Add remaining ingredients (use only ½ cup water and 3 tablespoons vinegar). Place cover on cooker and cook at 15 pounds pressure for about 1¼ hours or until heart is tender.

SAVORY DRESSING

- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1½ tablespoons chopped parsley
- ¼ teaspoon sage
- ¼ teaspoon summer savory or thyme

Mix all ingredients lightly with a fork.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

GRILLED DOUBLE-DECKER SANDWICHES

- 1 7-ounce tin tuna fish, flaked
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 3 sliced tomatoes
- Salt and pepper
- 12 slices bread
- Butter or margarine

Mix together the tuna fish and mayonnaise, add salt and pepper to taste. Spread on 4 slices of bread, and cover with 4 slices. Place sliced tomatoes on bread and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Top with 4 remaining slices. Spread outside slices with butter or margarine and place on a grilling rack in a hot oven, about 2 inches from the top element. Grill on both sides until light brown and crispy. Serve hot. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

ROAST SHOULDER OF VEAL

Select a shoulder of veal about 3½ to 4 pounds. Remove meat from refrigerator ½ hour before preparing. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Then spread well with fat and dredge with flour. Place in roasting pan in slow oven (300 deg. F.). Bake uncovered. (30 to 35 minutes to the pound).

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

VEAL JAMBALAYA

- 3 tablespoons fat
- 2 onions, chopped
- ½ minced green pepper
- 1 large can drained tomatoes
- ½ cup tomato juice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 cups ground cooked veal
- 3 cups cooked rice (1 cup uncooked)

In a large skillet sauté the onion and pepper in hot fat. When the vegetables are soft, add tomatoes, juice and seasonings. Then add the ground veal and let the entire dish simmer slowly for ½ hour. Serve over hot, fluffy rice. Serves 4 to 5 persons.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

"Butch - will ya look at dat, Evaluated Housewares - what a haul!"

P.S. They're plastic housewares that have been laboratory appraised by the Dow Product Evaluation Committee.. Look for this Label →

EVALUATED MADE OF STYRON

DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED • TORONTO • MONTREAL • REGINA

FIG SOUFFLE

- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 3 egg yolks, beaten
- 3 cups finely broken fig cookies (about 20)
- ½ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 egg whites

Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add egg yolks, fig cookies, milk and vanilla. Blend well, mashing the cookies. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased 1½ quart size baking dish and place in a pan of hot water. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Serve warm or cold. Top with whipped cream or scoops of vanilla ice cream. Serves 8 persons.
Note: Gingersnaps may be substituted for fig cookies.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SPANISH OMELET

- 4 eggs, separated
- Few grains pepper
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons hot water

Separate yolks from whites. To yolks add salt, pepper, and hot water; beat until thick and lemon-colored. Beat egg whites until stiff, and fold them into first mixture until well blended. Heat omelet pan, grease sides and bottom. Pour in mixture, spread evenly and place over medium heat, occasionally turning the pan to brown omelet evenly. When well "puffed" and delicately browned underneath, place pan in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) to finish cooking the top. When firm on top the omelet is cooked. Serve with Spanish Sauce in the fold and around omelet. Serves 4.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SPANISH SAUCE

- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped red or green pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1¼ cups canned or fresh tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon sliced mushrooms
- 1 tablespoon chopped capers
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Few grains cayenne

Cook chopped onion and pepper in butter or margarine for 2 minutes. Add tomatoes and cook until moisture has nearly evaporated, then add mushrooms, capers, salt and cayenne.
Note: Chopped celery may be substituted for the red or green pepper.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SOUTHERN CREAM

- 1 cup milk
- ¼ cup rice
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 oranges, peeled and diced
- 1 banana, diced
- 2/3 cup cream, whipped

Scald milk and add rice which has been washed and drained. Cook over hot water for 1 hour, or until tender. Rub through a sieve. Add sugar, salt, diced oranges and diced banana. Mix and chill. Just before serving fold in stiffly beaten cream. Pile lightly on dessert dish and serve with orange slices and banana fingers. Garnish with whipped cream and cherries. Serves 6.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

WIENER SPLITS

Stuff split wieners with a mixture of chopped onions and your favorite cucumber pickle or relish. Wrap a strip

Continued on page 66

IT HAPPENS IN TWO SECONDS

FAST HEADACHE RELIEF

WHEN an ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain is making you miserable, take ASPIRIN for fast relief.

The reason for astonishing speed of action of ASPIRIN is shown in the picture above. ASPIRIN dissolves or disintegrates in your stomach in two seconds to start relieving your pain amazingly fast!

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Johnson's Self Polishing GLO-COAT

Water-repellent with brighter shine!

Stays shining for weeks, even when damp mopped again and again with clear water. Dirt disappears but the bright wax shine remains.

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For wood floors . . .

Johnson's New Paste Wax

Always the Best—Now 3 ways better—Shines Brighter—Lasts Longer—Polishes easier!

It pays to spend a few pennies more for the floor wax that gives extra beauty and extra protection. You'll find Johnson's Paste Wax is easier to polish, is brighter shining and longer lasting!

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With special cleaning ingredient added!

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Waxes without rubbing!

Gives the richest, longest-lasting wax luster you've ever seen on wood! Pride is a clear liquid—spreads on like water—cleans as it spreads—gives real wax beauty and protection. No rubbing. No sticky oils.

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Johnson's Floor Cleaner

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54¢ *quart*

(slightly higher in some parts of Canada)

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A sensational new chemical discovery! Just spread on cleaned finish... let dry... wipe lightly. That's all. Gives a bright, smooth, long-wearing "diamond shine"—guaranteed to outlast any other auto wax.
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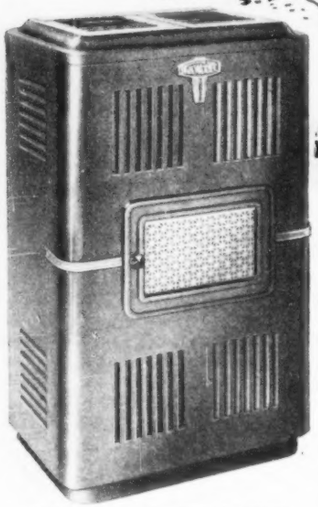
Fawcett TORRID-OIL SPACE HEATER



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The charm of fine furniture is clearly present in this superb new bedroom suite by Peppler's, which has the outstanding quality that is truly a Peppler tradition.

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of bacon around each wiener and secure with toothpicks. Broil, turning occasionally during the cooking, until bacon is cooked and wiener is slightly browned. Place in a toasted buttered bun or serve as is. *Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

SAVORY MEAT ROLL

- **2 tablespoons fat**
- **¼ cup minced onion**
- **1 pound minced shoulder beef**
- **½ cup medium white sauce**
- **½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce**
- **1 tablespoon ketchup**
- **½ teaspoon dry mustard**
- **½ teaspoon salt**
- **¼ teaspoon pepper**
- **Baking powder biscuit dough**

Brown the onion and minced meat in hot fat. Gradually add the white sauce, then seasonings. Blend well. Make a standard biscuit dough (using 2 cups flour) or biscuit mix. Knead dough slightly, then roll out in rectangle ¼ inch thick. Spread with warm meat mixture and roll up jelly-roll fashion, pinching edges well together. Cut into 1¼ inch slices and place slices on ungreased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve hot with a tomato sauce. Serves 6.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

TOMATO SAUCE

- **2 cups tomatoes, fresh or canned**
- **1 slice onion**
- **1 small bay leaf, if desired**
- **3 tablespoons butter or margarine**
- **3 tablespoons flour**
- **Salt and pepper**

Cook tomatoes, onion and bay leaf together for 15 minutes; strain. Melt butter or margarine, add flour and blend. Add tomato liquid. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, for 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

NUT AND FRUIT BREAD

- **2 cups sifted bread flour**
- **4 teaspoons baking powder**
- **½ teaspoon salt**
- **½ cup granulated sugar**
- **¾ cup broken nut meats**
- **1 cup seedless raisins or chopped dates**
- **1 tablespoon grated orange rind**
- **1 egg, well beaten**
- **1 cup milk**
- **2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine**

Grease an 8 x 5 x 3 inch loaf tin thoroughly. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Add sugar, nuts, raisins or dates and orange rind. Mix well. To beaten egg add milk and melted butter or margarine. Add to flour mixture. Mix just until blended. Turn into greased loaf tin and allow to stand for 20 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 55 to 60 minutes. Bake in centre of oven on middle rack. Turn out on wire rack and cool for several hours before slicing.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BAKED HAM SLICE WITH ORANGE MARMALADE GLAZE

Select a centre cut, approximately 2 inches thick (2¼ pounds) from a tenderized ham. Wipe ham with a damp cloth. Then place in a shallow baking dish and spread generously with orange marmalade (about ½ cup). Pour ½ cup of orange juice around the slice for basting. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.), 25 to 30 minutes per pound. Serves 6.

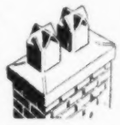
Note: Either ginger ale or pineapple juice used instead of orange juice gives a delicious and tangy flavor.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

LET ANACONDA HELP WHEN YOU BUY OR BUILD

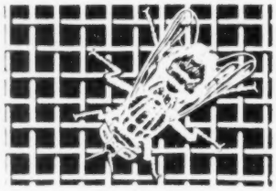
Your Enduring Home

Here are some of the 72 building hints in our handy new reference book "How to Build a Better Home".

43. Wells usually provide water supply, if house is located in the country, though sometimes water can be piped from a spring or lake. Choice of well is based on depth at which water is likely to be found. Always test for purity—filtering and chlorinating equipment may be needed. In hard water areas, water softeners pay for themselves. Store rainwater in cisterns.



46. Chimney should extend 2 ft. above roof ridge. Tile lining is recommended for furnace and fireplace flues. Concrete cap and tile tops provide protection. Minimum size for furnace flue, 8½ ins. square; fireplace flue, 8½ by 13 ins. If set side by side, flue lining joints should be staggered. A basement clean-out door is required for each flue. To prevent fire, wood framing should not come closer than 2 ins. to chimney.



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Please send me your reference book "How To Build A Better Home".

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Slide-away rack permits towels to air even when out of sight.

MY HUSBAND REMODELED OUR KITCHEN

Continued from page 25

between range and refrigerator is off to one side, under the window. We did this deliberately, simply because the range-sink-refrigerator sequence didn't suit the special characteristics of our room. Recognizing this fact enabled me to locate my baking centre in the corner, between the sink and the range, with a fine view overlooking the garden.

Instead of a sink I have a desk between my range and refrigerator. You've no idea how useful it is in attending to household business. The hinged top lifts up. If I'm interrupted while doing accounts, I don't have to put anything away. I simply pull down the lid and go back to my bookkeeping later. Closed, the desk makes extra working surface.

But I guess the most unusual feature of our kitchen is the continental bed in the corner opposite my baking centre. It's a city adaptation of the couch in a farm kitchen. Imagine how pleasant it is to lie there resting on a summer day with the back door open, and the garden, bright with flowers, right outside! The phone, radio and reading lamp are beside me, and if I feel energetic I can reach my mending and sewing simply by raising the sliding panels below the open shelf.

Elwood likes the bed too. When he comes home tired from work, he can relax on it and chat or read while I prepare supper. Should we have overnight guests, we give them our room and we sleep in the kitchen!

Fawcetts' new kitchen is laid out about a corner baking centre.

Aluminum adds a plus to pancakes!

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1. Aluminum means a lot to your breakfast! Your griddle-cakes taste better with good maple syrup. And the best syrup is made from sap that is collected in aluminum pails.

2. Maple sap must be well-protected to preserve its delicate flavour. Farmers using aluminum pails find this "food-friendly" metal preserves colour, taste and flavour perfectly.*

3. Aluminum is used for tapping-pegs, containers and evaporators, too. The increasing use of aluminum in the industry means higher-quality syrup for *you*.

HINTS TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Natural minerals in food and water occasionally discolour aluminum utensils. Natural acids in foods remove the deposits. For example, the iron in spinach leaves a deposit on aluminum: the acid from tomatoes or rhubarb dissolves the deposit.

* Quebec farmers receive Federal and Provincial aid in replacing old-fashioned sap pails with aluminum pails. Modern aluminum containers fully conform to all pure-food laws.

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Aluminum is friendly to food!

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Elwood used six-ply plywood exclusively, except for the one-by-two-inch pine strips for strapping the ceiling. Three-quarter-inch thickness was employed for framing the cupboards, the counter top, and drawer fronts and doors. The doors have a rounded, overlapping lip for snug fit and neat appearance. The shelving, sides of cupboards and drawers are one-half-inch thickness.

The drawers have one-eighth-inch thick hardboard bottoms with centre slides of birch hardwood, waxed for easy operation. Similar slides are used for all pull-out racks and shelves. Pine or other softwoods are unsatisfactory for making slides because they tend to stick.

Elwood used very few nails. He found that glue and flat-headed screw-nails, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. long, did a much better fastening job. The screw heads were countersunk, and puttied before painting.

Organizing the Work

Elwood started at the top and worked down. First he nailed the strapping, its two-inch dimension flat against the ceiling, through the plaster to the joists. Then he put in the falsework or filler that occupies the space between the upper cupboards and the ceiling. Next he framed the cupboards on each side of the window—erecting the "divides" and ends, then adding the shelves, fronts and doors.

It wasn't enough to hang the upper cupboards from the ceiling. At the bottom they're secured to the wall studs by means of screw nails. Elwood says it's easy to locate joists and studs behind plaster. Tap the surface lightly with a hammer. It'll give forth a solid sound when over a wooden member.

After finishing the upper cupboards Elwood built the counter. First he erected the framework, then put on the plywood top. Next step was to install drawers and doors.

After that came application of the linoleum working surface. It was laid with waterproof glue, right on top of the plywood. The same procedure was followed in the case of the desk's writing surface—except that the desk has an inset pattern resembling a blotter pad.

I mustn't forget to tell you that bright metal trim was used around the sink, but the front edging of the counter is anodyzed aluminum to prevent smudging of my dresses and aprons.

IF YOU WANT TO REMODEL YOUR KITCHEN

—Mrs. Fawcett will be delighted to answer enquiries concerning specific phases of the work. Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Elwood Fawcett, c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Working drawings of the various built-in cupboard features will be available for a limited time. Send 10c together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home Planning Department of Chatelaine.

Spring

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with the new chignon bonnet. Velvet bows and a froth of veiling are added on bakusoie or toyo straw in many, many colors. About $12 at all fine stores.

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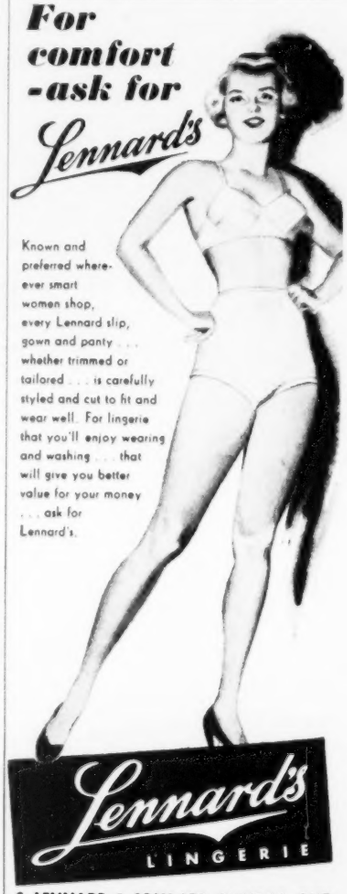

Known and preferred wherever smart women shop, every Lennard slip, gown and panty . . . whether trimmed or tailored . . . is carefully styled and cut to fit and wear well. For lingerie that you'll enjoy wearing and washing . . . that will give you better value for your money . . . ask for Lennard's.

Lennard's LINGERIE

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Elwood has a small basement woodworking shop which he says was half the battle, but his equipment is far from elaborate. It consists of an electric saw and a jointer. The latter is used for planing, joining and rabbeting. The window brackets and valance board were cut with a fret saw. Elwood beveled the back of the board to give a sharp profile to the design.

Where his talents as a machinist came into play was in building the "Lazy Susans." There are two of them in my corner baking centre—one in the upper cupboard, one below. They have adjustable shelves and are mounted on metal rods, revolving on roller bearings. Elwood did almost too good a job—the "Susans" are so finely adjusted that once set in motion, they continue turning for hours.

Professional Called In

Of course, the carpentry work had to be co-ordinated with that of other trades—the plumber who took out the old sink and installed a new one with twin compartments, and the electrician who did the wiring for our new range and the tubular lamps under the upper cupboards. When it came to facing the backsplash with plastic tile and laying the linoleum on the floor we also called in specialists.

Laying the linoleum was a particularly ticklish chore and one which no man, even if he's as clever as my husband, can handle alone! The material comes in rolls six feet wide and it required three men, including Elwood, to cut, fit and lay it.

First, sheets of one quarter inch fir plywood were securely nailed to the old floor, then the surface was coated with linoleum cement. A layer of felt paper was put down and another coat of cement applied to the paper. On this the linoleum was laid, with sandbags and weights on top of it to keep it flat till the cement set.

My contribution to the success of the project was making the curtains and slipcovers, and doing the painting. I did my cupboards the yellow of a favorite mixing bowl, and gave them three coats. The first was a special primer to keep the grain of the fir from "lifting," the second a flat coat with a little color in it, and finally the enamel itself.

How Much?

If you want to remodel your own kitchen, it's the cost of the cabinetwork that will interest you most. That's basic. What you spend on plumbing, wiring, wall tile, linoleum and so on will, as in our case, depend on many variable factors.

The lumber for our cupboards cost $100, the paint about $25. For a cash investment of $125 plus Elwood's time and the few hours I contributed, we got what an architect-friend tells us is worth, for comparable quality materials and workmanship, upward of $1,000.

The work took eight months—a long time, but not in relation to the lifetime of convenience and enjoyment we'll get out of it. Elwood was in no great hurry, and said he didn't want "to crucify himself." He took time out during the summer to look after the garden—and we raised enough produce to see us through the winter.

Doing the work gradually didn't put too much of a strain on our budget—or Elwood's morale! When he showed signs of discouragement I'd say, "Don't do any more tonight. Save it till tomorrow." It was amazing how well this recipe worked. He'd take my advice and the next day, with a fresh start, the work would shoot ahead.

We're more than delighted with the way our new kitchen turned out and we hope other couples will profit by our experience.

In any family it's usually the wife who spends most time at home and much of that time she's in the kitchen. I know I don't seem to be nearly so tired at the end of the day now that I have a bright, efficient place in which to work. And I like to share my husband's leisure interests—and not be too fagged out to enjoy them.

Besides, girls who go to business generally get attractive surroundings and modern equipment. Why should the homemaker be satisfied with less? ✦

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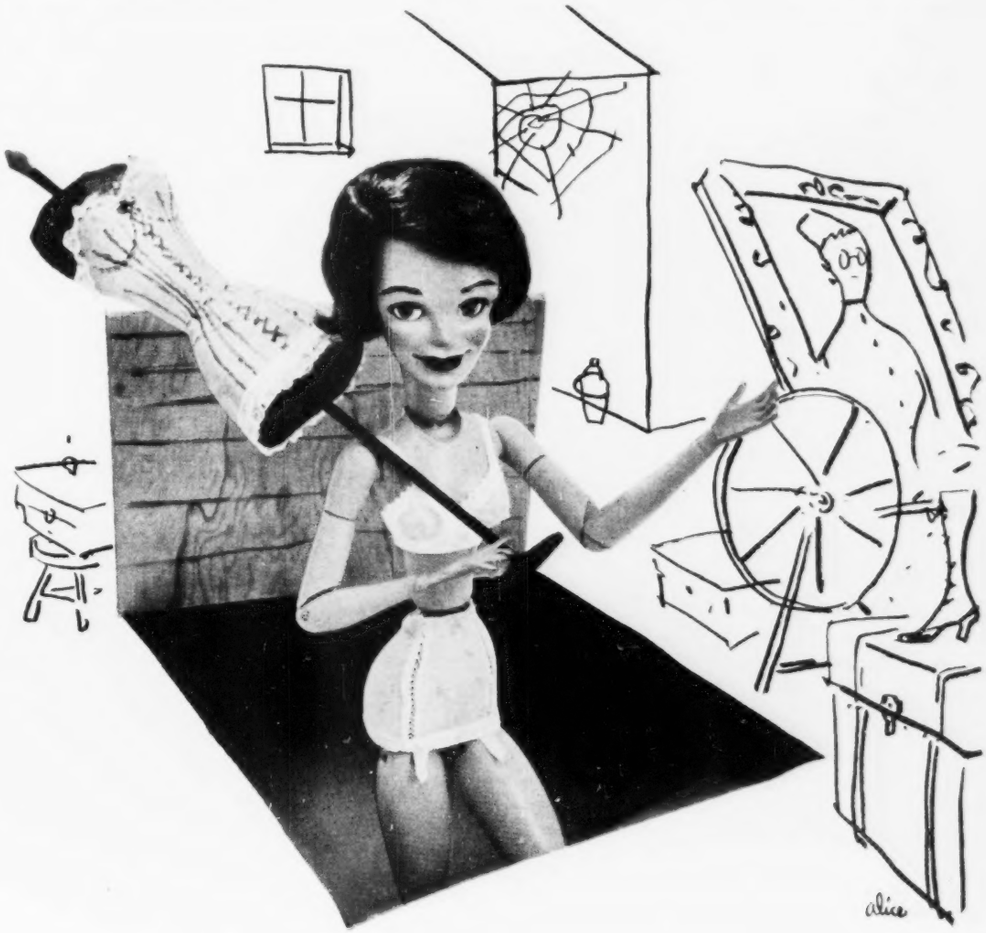

"lucky me"

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Poor grandma never knew the joys of light-as-a-breeze nylon foundations and bras, wouldn't have believed anything so comfortable could be so firm and figure moulding.
And, as with all nylon, my bras and girdles wash easily—dry fast—and stay looking fresh and new.

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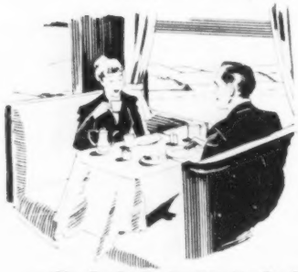

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HEAVENLY BODY

Continued from page 31

Well, there it was. Lola's face, beyond a doubt, and attached, not to the blimp she now resembled, but to a gorgeous figure. If a girl with a face and contour like that could act just a dime's worth she could be the biggest thing since Hayworth.

He snapped himself out of his dream.

"Too bad, beautiful," he sighed, handing back the clipping. "If your figure matched your face you could do a lot better for yourself in pictures than patrolling back of that counter. What's the trouble, glandular?"

"There's nothing wrong with my glands, sonny," snapped Lola, "but since you're taking this deep impersonal interest, I'll tell you." She leaned over the counter and stage whispered. "You're looking at a girl who never had enough to eat."

"Not even lately?" Jim asked. He looked at his watch. He still had 10 minutes to spare.

"It's a short, short story. A brakeman just naturally doesn't make enough to spoil the appetites of his own six kids, let alone a brat left on the doorstep. I don't think I ever got a square meal . . . excuse me."

Lola moved smoothly to the other end of the counter, dished out a cherry coke and a root beer and returned.

"Sorry, mister," she grinned. "I don't make a habit of telling the sad, sad story of my life."

"I'd like to hear the rest of it," urged Jim.

"Well, now that you've talked me into it." Lola flicked invisible crumbs from the counter. "There isn't much more. I was wrapping in a department store. They had a beauty contest at the annual picnic and I won it.

"First thing I knew I was listening to a song about how I ought to be in pictures. I was easy to convince. I cashed in everything and took the bus out here. I met a lot of nice cops at the studio gates, and some fresh lads here and there. I hadn't had a real meal in weeks. Then I got my break."

"You finally crashed the gates?" prompted Jim.

"No, sir! I was in this very drugstore, sitting right where you are now, destroying a tuna on toast, when the counter girl got into an argument with Mr. McGee—he's the boss—and quit. I put in my application and reached for an apron, and here I am. There's no danger of any bandits holding me up on payday, but it's enough for room rent and a few clothes—and I eat as much as I please. Brother, I like that."

Playing hunches, backing his first judgment, refusing to admit he was wrong—call it what you will—had done a lot for Jim. Otherwise he would have walked out of Gillen's, gone to the fights and forgotten all about Miss Peoria. But Jim was a man who stayed on the beam.

He took his card from its case and laid it on the counter. "Sister," he said, "you might be in pictures yet. Lose 35 pounds and I'll get you a test at Sunset. If the test is all right it means a stock

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contract. From there on it's up to you."

"Not for me, but thanks just the same, Mr. Gordon. I've looked at those skinny little calorie-counting characters when they've come into the store. If one of them ate an extra pea she'd have to wear a girdle to keep it from showing. But it's nice to have met a talent scout after all this time."

"Okay, honey," said Jim, "but if you change your mind—"

Jim couldn't get Lola off his mind. Next day at the studio he was still thinking about her. Then he got the idea.

"It's either an inspiration or softening of the brain," he told himself.

He closed the door to the office of Miss Frost, his secretary, then called Gillen's.

"When do I have a night off?" Lola echoed. "Mr. McGee gives me the first, second, third and fourth Tuesday of every month. Why? Is this the beginning of a great romance?"

Jim refused to be snubbed. "How about doing something next Tuesday?"

"Including dinner?" asked Lola.

"The best in town."

"And no pep talks about reducing?"

"It's a promise. Strictly for fun."

They dined at Camino's and Lola really went to town. Afterward they skated at the outdoor rink on Wilshire near the beach. Two hours of it were a little tiring, but Lola had fun. Jim refused to be bothered by the looks of friends and acquaintances.

Next day he called her again; among other things she told him a miracle had happened. She'd lost two pounds.

That gave Jim courage. He took Lola out each Tuesday night and when, two months later, she went on the day shift at Gillen's, they were together almost every night, and on Sundays. If she noticed it, Miss Peoria did not comment on the fact that the schedule always included swimming, dancing, horseback riding or bowling.

"The only sport you haven't tried to teach me is wrestling," she commented. "Now that's where you're different from most of the men I've met in this town."

"We'll get around to that," laughed Jim, but he didn't mean it. Lola was pretty choice stuff and Jim was human. Long ago he'd set for himself an ironclad rule not to let sentiment enter into his business.

On one moonlight ride up Clearwater Canyon they dismounted to drink from the stream. Lola didn't actually see Jim throw the pebble, but when she looked up the horses were headed for the barn. Lola and Jim walked back—10 miles.

The bathroom scales had become a habit with Lola. The morning following the moonlight trek the indicator pointed to 145 pounds. That night as they drove home from the bowling alley she confided to Jim.

"You've been swell, Jim," she said. "If it really would make you happy to have me lose a few pounds, I'll give it a serious whirl. I couldn't show you greater love, my man. Besides, I'm beginning to resent the looks some of your lady acquaintances give me."

For a moment Jim's sentiment nearly got the best of his good judgment. Lola had taken off her hat and her blond curls lay against the red leather of the

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You'll love this dreamy Gossard uplift bra. Embroidered marquisette bust cups have elastic insert between . . . for wider separation. Circular band of stitched rayon around bust for firm support. A, B, C cups. Keeps your bosom high, young, flatteringly separated! Model 2412.

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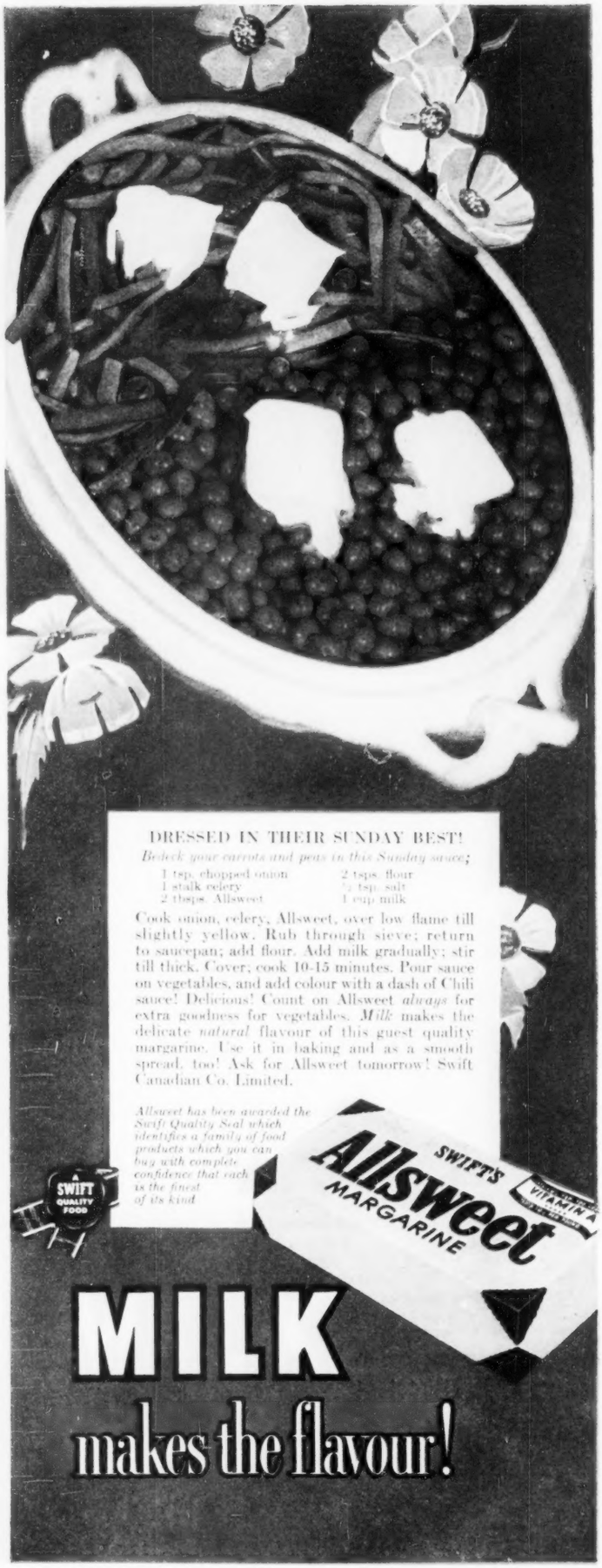

seat. Kissing Lola, even at 145 pounds, would have been no hardship, and with the stars, the soft night air and the strains of "You'll Never Know" coming over the radio, it looked as though she was in the mood.

Jim's right arm moved to encircle her shoulder and she relaxed toward him just the least bit.

In the nick of time Jim stopped himself, grasped the wheel determinedly and looked straight ahead. Don't be a sucker, James. Remember the first rule for not getting hurt in this racket is to keep sentiment out of it.

The car came to a stop in front of the Green Manor Apartments. Lola barely said good night. Jim didn't see her tears as she ran across the sidewalk.

But next day she was ready when Jim called for her. He took her to Dr. Philip Bradley who laid out a schedule of exercise, massage and diet, mostly diet. She studied the list and shuddered.

Lola made the grade in eight harrowing weeks. Jim was pretty slim himself by the time Lola had been whittled down to 118 ravishing pounds.

She became a star with fairy-tale ease. Her tests were sensational and in the heat of the excitement and Mike Whitehead's enthusiasm she was given the lead in "Jungle Love." The picture was in Technicolor and the role called for a minimum of tropical costuming, a situation which created no problem for Lola.

There had been three productions since, each a bigger box-office blaze than its predecessor. Lola's face and figure filled the fan magazines and her pictures filled the coffers of Sunset Pictures.

Jim Gordon came out of the rose-colored past to confront the cold grey present. There still was the battle of the calorie and that was his job. And what a job it was! He tugged at the heavy soundproof door leading into Stage 8.

He found Lola in her satin-lined trailer-dressing room. She whirled as she caught his face in the dressing table mirror.

"I suppose you've got something to say, too," she said accusingly. Jim's iron purpose melted. This was no selfish, unappreciative woman. This was a little girl and not far from a little girl's tears.

"Honey," began Jim. Lola's face softened immediately. She liked to hear him say "Honey," although she knew that in every studio every female, from star to janitress, is addressed as "Honey."

"Yes, Jim."

Jim was looking at his photograph in a frame on the dressing table. In Lola's round childlike hand was the inscription, "I owe everything to Jim—except a square meal."

Jim took his eyes away from the

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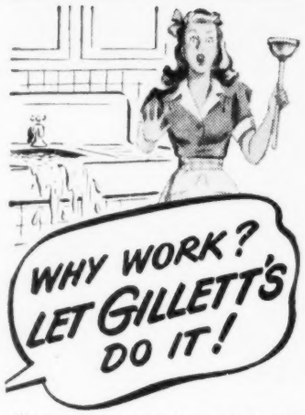

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GL-229

picture. "Honey," he said, "how about dinner tonight, at Chasen's?"

Chasen's was well filled when they arrived shortly before eight. They threaded their way between tables to one in a far corner.

Lola looked about her longingly.

"I don't think they've served a meal tonight that's less than a 2,000 calorie job."

Hungry but happy, she brought her gaze back to Jim and resolutely refrained from consulting the menu.

The waiter smiled a thin smile.

"The Thursday usual?"

Jim nodded and Lola grimaced.

This is what each ate:

4 ounces raw shredded turnip on lettuce	33 calories
6 ounces okra and tomatoes	27 calories
4 ounces roast leg of veal	145 calories
4 ounces washed pineapple, no syrup	45 calories

"If Mr. McGee could see me now," commented Lola grimly.

"Mr. McGee?"

"The manager at Gillen's. Gee, what I'd give for one of Gillen's malted milks!" She held up an admonishing hand. "No, don't tell me." From her handbag she brought forth a small book and turned the pages.

"Here it is. Two tablespoons malted milk, 70 calories; 3 ounces chocolate syrup, 325 calories; 1 scoop ice cream, 170 calories; 4 ounces milk, 85 calories; total, 650 calories."

"How many calories in a cream puff?"

Lola gripped the table with her pretty pink hands. Her eyes were imploring.

"Listen, Jim," she said, "I know you're part human. You didn't get me into this just to make yourself famous or rich. And I realize all you're doing for me. I've been able to mail a lot of money home, to send my kid brothers and sisters to schools they never dreamed of. I have a beautiful car—nearly paid for—and a maid and a lot of things, but, gee whiz, gosh, and what have you, I'm still Lola Allen . . ."

Jim reached across and took her hand. He was close to melting.

You'd be almighty lucky to marry a swell kid like this, you dumb cluck. But remember who you are. Just because you found the solid gold article, don't think it's rubbing off on you. The little lady is going up and she'll stay there a while. Think you'd enjoy being "Mr. Lola Allen?" He shuddered in revulsion at the mere thought.

But it was difficult to remember about that when Lola leaned forward, her lips parted. She didn't appear half so much the top star in the latest box-office poll as she did a love-hungry youngster.

"Lola," he heard himself breathe huskily. Then, firmly, he said, "Listen, kid, I'm proud of you. I know you slipped today. Everybody falls back a step now and then. But you've got the stuff it takes to come back and go ahead. I'm proud of you."

"Jim," she said, "you know I never had enough to buy myself a decent meal, and now that I have enough . . . I never have enough . . ." Tears came to her eyes. "Listen, Jim, what actress won the Academy Award two years ago . . . and I don't mean for keeping thin . . . what I mean is most girls would rather be married to a nice guy than any darned old career!"

Through Jim's mind marched a parade of the "Hollywood colonels" he had known, men who were tolerated only because they were husbands of film stars from whom many of them accepted weekly or monthly cheques, men whose names a hostess always carefully checked in advance in order to avoid the embarrassment of saying, ". . . meet Miss Lola Allen and her husband, Mr. . . . er . . ."

"Miss Allen," he said elaborately, "do you know what I learn from my gold watch and chain that my uncle in Montana sent me? Well, I'll tell you. It says 11.27 and it's high time Sunset Pictures' glamorous little—and I do mean little—star was in her beddy-bye. And honey chile, that's where you're going."

As on an earlier automobile ride, this one was not passionate. Lola's cute little chin stayed at an up angle, although her eyes were moist.

The next morning Jim was in Whitehead's office.

"Well?" challenged Whitehead.

Jim found himself unaccountably put to it to give a civil answer.

"Well, Mr. Whitehead, Lola is going to go along with your wishes."

"About time," interjected Whitehead.

"But if I might suggest . . ."

"Suggest what?" challenged Whitehead.

"At her present rate Lola's clearing Sunset at least two million a year," calmly stated Jim. "She rates an increase."

How to make Wonderful Chicken Salad

FIRST *Gradually add ¼ cup of chicken broth to ¾ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing; blend well after each addition of broth. The delicate tang of Miracle Whip will make a real difference in your salad.*

NEXT *To serve 4 people, prepare 2½ cups cooked diced chicken, 1½ cups diced celery, ¼ cup broken pecans, ¼ cup sliced stuffed olives. Toss together lightly, add ¾ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper.*

THEN *Add salad dressing mixture, blending lightly. Peel 4 large tomatoes, cut in 5 sections almost to stem end. Place on lettuce, part sections, fill with salad. Garnish with Miracle Whip. (Note its creamy texture, its lively flavor!)*

Save the 16 oz. & 32 oz. jars for canning.

All agree, Miracle Whip is different from any other salad dressing . . . and much, much better. The recipe is a secret known only to Kraft, a combination of zesty boiled dressing and satin-smooth mayonnaise. No doubt about it, Miracle Whip has a way with salads. So top *all* your salads with Miracle Whip!

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"Who's been showing you our books?" demanded Whitehead.

"Well, you know how it is, Mr. Whitehead, Variety prints box-office estimates every week."

Whitehead blew his top. "Who the devil is boss around here?" he demanded. "Maybe we'd do better without any talent scout at all."

However, within a week Lola had a contract calling for $1,500 a week, which was a 100% increase. She had suggested that she'd like to show it to Jim before signing, but when Whitehead said he'd fire Jim if she did, she just signed.

When she told Jim that Whitehead had given her the increase he merely urged that she put it into an annuity.

Whitehead was pleased with himself. The contract tied Lola tighter than a size 10 girdle. $1,500 a week was still only a third of her worth and, what was more important, it completely eliminated Jim Gordon's influence. It was a good feeling.

The next day, without warning, Jim was dispatched to the Midwest to check high school and college drama classes and he did not see Lola again for six weeks. The trip was unfruitful of talent. Jim discovered that every time he looked at a girl her face dissolved into that of Lola.

On his return to Los Angeles he called Lola from the airport. She had just returned home from the studio.

"Happy birthday!"

"Jim, you remembered!"

"Uh-huh. And I've got a birthday present for you. Cancel out whichever wolf has you booked for the evening and I'll be around at eight. I'm taking you to a new place for dinner, tonight."

"I'll bet their broiled turnips are sensational," said Lola, "but, gee, I'll be glad to see you anyway."

The convertible rolled toward the beach and Lola, lying back and regarding the stars, said, "Jim . . . what did you get for my birthday present?" Unconsciously she glanced at her ringless left hand.

"Lola," said Jim, "you're 21 just once, so for this very important birthday you and I are going to the Santa Ynez Inn and we're going to have—right out in public—the finest, biggest dinner money can buy."

Lola's eyes glistened. She moved close. Jim felt his grip on his principles slipping.

They were just well started on two huge steaks with French fried potatoes when Jim looked up to see Mike Whitehead, speechless with anger. On his arm was a small blonde.

Whitehead pointed accusingly at Lola's steak, swimming in butter and flanked by the golden brown French fries. His hand trembled. He glared at Jim.

"You ungrateful pup!" he screamed. "Just because you dug up this cheap jerk you think you can—"

Jim leaped to his feet.

"I just happen to love the young lady," he declared, and planted his Sunday best on Whitehead's chin. Whitehead collapsed. Jim stood a moment, shaking violently, then turned, and taking Lola's arm, pushed his way through the crowd.

Neither said a word on the way home. When Jim pulled up in front of the Green Manor Lola turned to him.

"You were wonderful," she breathed. "Do you remember what you said?"

Jim knew if he looked at Lola now he'd be lost. He looked. Then he put his arms around her and held her tight and kissed her.

The pink cloud upon which Lola floated to the studio the next morning collapsed when she read the note on her dressing room table.

"Honey Chile," it said. "Whitehead made the firing official this morning. I think it's a lucky break. Another studio has been making passes at me and after I've done a good job of loafing in Vegas I'll maybe let them twist my arm. Of course, I wouldn't see Whitehead every day, but I could bear up under the blow. Keep socking 'em, kiddo, and remember the calories, Jim."

Lola buried her face in her arms and wept until even Ern Westmore could restore her appearance only to the point where she could work in long shots.

But Lola did not storm into Mike Whitehead's office and this bothered the producer. He'd have known how to meet that situation. He was vaguely disturbed when she went right ahead with the picture.

The disturbed feeling turned to panic when Whitehead got his report on what Lola had for lunch.

"Small assorted sandwiches, frankfurters, boiled cabbage, boiled potatoes, a malted milk, cantaloupe à la mode."

Whitehead consulted the calorie chart under the glass top of his desk.

"O-oh!" he moaned, "1,793 calories." He sat up determinedly. "She can't do this to me—to her, I mean!" Her contract specifically says . . ."

His voice trailed off because he knew there was nothing in the contract to prevent his losing millions in profits if Lola didn't, or couldn't, work.

On the third day Lola couldn't get into her wardrobe.

On the fifth day the wardrobe department had let out the seams as far as they'd go. Desperately trying to save the million and a half dollars already sunk in the picture, Whitehead had new, and bigger, costumes rushed through.

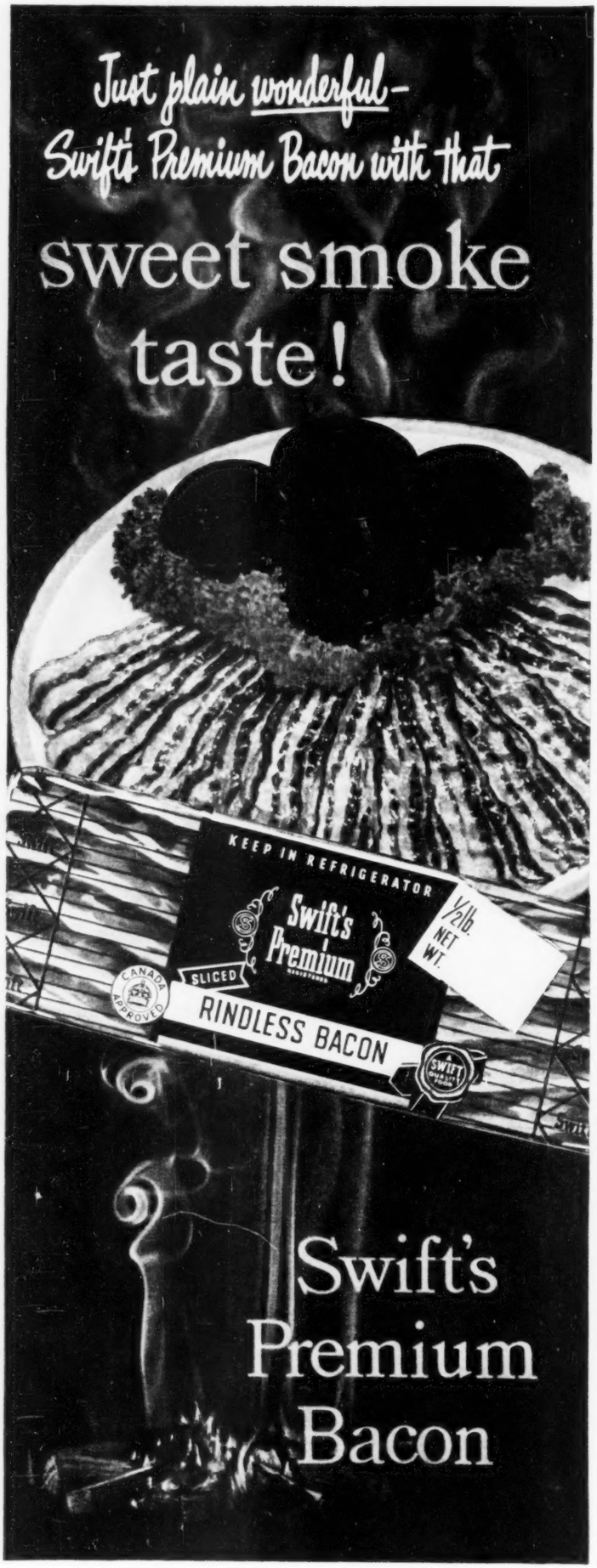
On the eighth day the cameraman said he could no longer make Lola bear a reasonable resemblance to herself as she appeared in the early part of the picture. Whitehead surrendered.

The peace treaty was to be signed at a luncheon meeting at Larue's. At the table were Lola, Whitehead, and Jim, who had agreed to come only because Whitehead had told him Lola would not talk business unless he were present.

"I'm glad we've all come to our senses," began Whitehead, controlling his voice. "Lola, we've just raised your salary to $1,500. I'll make it two thousand. Your contract has five years to run. If you work, we both make money. If you don't work, Sunset will go on making pictures and you'll soon be forgotten."

"Pardon me," said Jim, starting to rise, "I think I'd better leave—"

Continued on page 86



OUR SALAD CONTEST JUDGES

BY MARIE HOLMES

DIRECTOR, CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

The experts Chatelaine has chosen to judge your salad recipes regionally are heads of Home Economics departments in five of Canada's universities. (Later a central judging committee will meet at Chatelaine Institute to select the winners of the three grand prizes.)

These outstanding home economists who have kindly consented to assist in Chatelaine's contest agree with us on the importance of salads in family meals.

Here are the judges who will select the three prize-winning recipes in each of the five regions of Canada.

MISS CHARLOTTE BLACK, B.Sc., M.A.

For British Columbia your judge will be Miss Charlotte Black, B.Sc., M.A., of the University of British Columbia. A graduate of Manitoba University, Miss Black has made a specialty of home management, having studied her subject extensively both at Columbia University and at King's College of Household and Social Science, in London, England.

Co-ordination of all home activities contributes to family happiness, Miss Black believes.

"The balanced meal is important," says Miss Black, "but the orderliness of the service and frame of mind of the homemaker also contribute to the welfare of the family. Balanced meals must be related to balanced money and time budgets and these balancing acts are frequently difficult at present. Good buying habits and the ability to judge both nutritional and money value of foods are of great assistance to the homemaker. If one couples these with practical imagination and some skill with seasonings, then the meals in our Canadian homes should meet more nearly family requirements for enjoyment."

MISS HOPE HUNT, B.A. (H.Sc.), M.Sc., Ph.D.

For the Prairie Provinces (Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba) your official judge will be Miss Hope Hunt, B.A. (H.Sc.), M.Sc., Ph.D., Dean of College of Household Science, University of Saskatchewan. Miss Lorna Davis, B.A. (H.Sc.), M.Sc., and Miss Edith Rowels, B.H.Sc., M.Sc., are assisting Miss Hunt in judging the entries.

"I believe," says Miss Hunt, "that it's important for the housewife to know about marketing and the relation between price and the size of the can or package. In this way she will be better able to spend her food money."

MISS JESSIE BRODIE, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.

Ontario contest judge will be Miss Jessie Brodie, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., who heads the department of Household Science at Toronto University. Miss

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Brodie and her staff stress efficiency in household tasks. They are constantly studying labor-saving and time-saving methods for all phases of homemaking. They have designed an adjustable ironing board for use in their classes and have done considerable research on the best position for ovens in the modern household stove.

"We endeavor to teach students to provide eye and appetite appeal, a feeling of satisfaction after a meal and the type of food that will give buoyant health," says Miss Brodie in describing her courses in meal preparation.

MISS HELEN R. NEILSON, M.B.E., M.Sc.

In the Province of Quebec your judge will be Miss Helen R. Neilson, M.B.E., M.Sc., who directs the school of Household Science at McGill University's Macdonald College. During the last war Miss Neilson was command messing officer of the Eastern Air Command at Halifax and for her services was later awarded the M.B.E.

"We are a long way from perfection in food service in this country," she says, "and to strive for high standards is a worth-while and rewarding occupation for any woman. Beyond the drudgery of the daily round and common task, there is a real challenge in producing good food for our families or the Canadian public."

MISS DORIS S. RUNCIMAN, B.Sc., M.A.

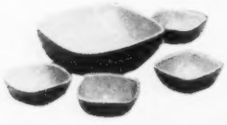
For the Maritimes and Newfoundland your judge will be Miss Doris S. Runciman, B.Sc., M.A., Foods and Nutrition specialist, who heads the Household Science department of Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

Miss Runciman is keenly interested in salad preparation, not only as a teacher of foods but as a former owner and manager of a tearoom in South Milford, N.S. ✚

Have you all these PYREX dishes?

NEW PYREX HOSTESS SET—in colour! 48-oz. covered casserole with 4 individual ramekins. Red or yellow. $3.95

PYREX "FLAVOR-SAVER" PIE PLATE—High fluted edges keep juices and flavors in your pie.
9-inch size 80¢ 10-inch size 95¢

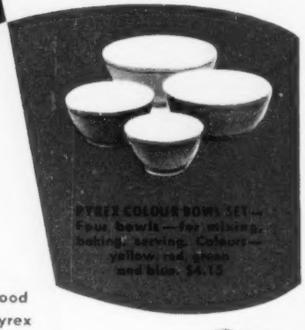


PYREX HOSTESS OVEN-AND-TABLE SET—80-oz. open bowl with four 12-oz. individual dishes. Set in red or yellow. $3.95

PYREX FLAMEWARE SAUCEPAN—You see what's cooking, see it turn out right!
32-oz. size $2.75 48-oz. size $3.25
64-oz. size $3.50

PYREX UTILITY DISH—Bake in it, serve in it! It's useful a dozen different ways. Small size 95¢, medium size $1.25, large size $1.40.

PYREX HOSTESS CASSEROLE—in colour! Casserole with cover, in gay red or sunny yellow.
Medium size $2.75, large size $3.15



PYREX COLOUR BOWLS SET—Four bowls—for mixing, baking, serving. Colours—yellow, red, green and blue. $4.15

Nothing so tempting as the sight of good food when it's cooking! When you use your Pyrex Ware you can see the moment your food is done. And when it's served in the wonderful new Hostess sets—it looks as good as it tastes! You'll enjoy using every one of the gay, colourful Pyrex Ware dishes. Remember—no odors . . . no stains when you cook with Pyrex!

Go to the Pyrex Counter at your favorite store and buy the ware you need. Every week add one or two more of the many different shapes and sizes of Pyrex dishes to your cupboard shelves.

PYREX LOAF PAN—Bakes your meat or salmon loaf—serves it in style.
Medium size 95¢
Large size $1.25

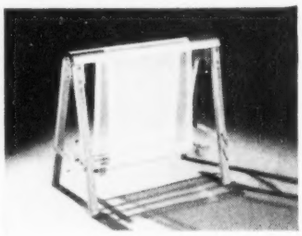
PYREX
OVENWARE AND FLAMEWARE
All PYREX is guaranteed Against Heat Breakage for Two Years

PYREX BRAND WARE

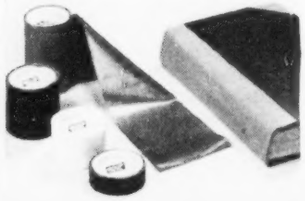
If it's Pyrex Ware the trade-mark is on it

SHOPPING WITH

Send for Shopping with Chatelaine leaflet to learn where these items may be purchased. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope; do not send orders for merchandise to Chatelaine.



In time for spring. New, pinless curtain drier that eliminates ironing. Simple to assemble, saves time, trouble. Dries two at a time. Numbered rods stretch nylon and rayon curtains uniformly with ruler straight edges by means of weighted rods. Finished to withstand rust, wear. Curtain size 54 x 112 inches, $12.



For quick repair jobs. Plastic finish cloth tape with self-stick adhesive backing will make book covers look like new; mends rubber boots, seals windows. Being strong, durable has many other uses. Comes in bright and dark colors, varying widths, 108 inches to the roll from 30¢ to $1.45.

It's MAGIC for your hair-do!

ADJUSTABLE

Tidy-Locks

CONFORM NET

THE PATENTED, ADJUSTABLE NYLON HAIR NET THAT FITS PERFECTLY

PRODUCT OF Emerson Summers COMPANY LIMITED

ONE DROP SOOTHES

CHAPPED SKIN

The touch of your hand! Keep it soft, soothing . . . *thrilling*. To guard against chapping and dry skin—one drop of rich, concentrated Campana's Italian Balm is all you need. It *smoothes . . . heals . . . restores* velvety natural softness.

33c • 49c • Family Size 97c

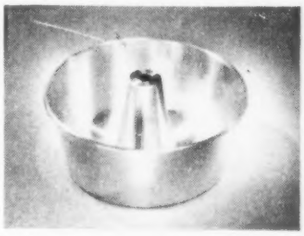
Campana's

Italian Balm

By Wilma Tait

CHATELAINE

Decorative pieces from glass bricks; the same as those used in building construction. They have an opening in which you can place flowers, soil with growing greens or water for little fishes. As shown, 3" square, 50c each. 6" square size at $2 make nice book ends. 12" square size, a small aquarium for $6.



Jumbo cake baker, perfect for angel cake. Holds 4 quarts of batter to serve a dozen or more people liberally. A one-piece construction of 16-gauge aluminum, mirror finished, your mammoth effort won't flop with the heat penetrating the mixture through top, bottom, sides and tube. $1.

The tiled wall look. Beauty the householder can apply himself to kitchen or bathroom whether walls are of plaster, plywood, hardwood or wallboard. Application of linoleum paste to wall surface and the duplex felt backing of this enamelled surface grips permanently. No blistering! In many colors, 54" wide, 80c per linear yard.

Model 44 G 60

Built Better by Gurney

You can be a Grade-A Genius if you cook on a kitchen-tested Gurney Range, with EVERY automatic feature to save time, money, talent. With it cooking perfection becomes YOURS! You're *always* At Home On the Range if you're cooking with an even heat Gurney. Ask your dealer about Gurney Ranges. Have beauty in *your* kitchen at low cost. Choose from Gurney coal-and-wood ranges, or gas ranges for Natural, Manufactured or Bottled Gas.

Gurney

GURNEY PRODUCTS LIMITED
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Look your very loveliest in this lavishly feminine lingerie by Harvey-Woods. High fashion designs cut for comfort and easy-to-care-for beauty in nylon tricot. The Harvey-Woods label is your assurance of fine quality.

Nightgowns
Slips
Nylon stockings
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YORK KNITTING MILLS LIMITED

what should one expect of a bathroom tissue?

absorbent
softness
with gentle strength

most housewives rely on

Canada's best selling tissue

AN E. B. EDDY PRODUCT

QUEEN MARY

Continued from page 57

children would curtsy to Queen Mary, kiss her cheek and then her hand.

Then, as we tottered wearily upstairs, Queen Mary would turn to her equerry and we would hear her tell him to take her to a Bond Street gallery or some other place where she had an engagement—and to arrange to get her back in time for the next one. On one such trip Queen Mary's car was struck by a lorry and turned on its side. The first thing she asked for, after she was helped to climb through the broken windows and before her bruises were attended to, was a cup of tea.

So far I have written of Queen Mary as I came to know her while the Princesses were growing up. These few years cover only a small part of the long story that I have to tell. But before I go any farther I should like to recall my first meetings with Queen Mary.

Family House

In my wildest dreams as a schoolgirl, I had never imagined myself being presented to a Queen. Palaces and royalty were far away from my life in the Ayrshire cottage where I was born, from Moray House Training College, Edinburgh, where I had studied, and from the houses which I had seen during my studies in the poorer districts of Edinburgh where the sight of poverty had fired me with the ambition to teach. Perhaps it was as well for me that my first meeting with Queen Mary took place, not in the glittering state room of a palace, but in a lovely English garden, on a Sunday afternoon in late spring.

This was at the Royal Lodge, the beautiful but unpretentious country house in Windsor Great Park which is the King's private property and which has always been for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth a pleasant place of retreat from the cares of palace and court.

There are no sentries, no equerries, no ladies-in-waiting at the lodge, which for a royal residence is quite small. Painted pink—because Queen Elizabeth cherishes happy thoughts of the pink house where she lived and played as a child—it fits prettily into the country-

In May Chatelaine

Canadian Show Girl on Broadway

Backstage at "Guys and Dolls," biggest musical hit of the season. Behind the big glittery show we get the story of Canadian chorine, Barbara Ferguson.

Here's the picture of an honest, intelligent Canadian girl with the matter-of-fact approach to life which is so typical of today's teen-agers.

After each shampoo or home permanent

add the fresh **color** and **lustre** of

LOVALON

the modern hair beauty rinse

• Leaves hair soft, easy to manage • Blends in yellow, grey streaks • 12 flattering shades • Removes shampoo film • Gives sparkling highlights

Three Little Kittens Lost Their Mittens

because they weren't marked with

Cash's WOVEN NAMES

Mark children's clothing and belongings, as well as household linens, and avoid losses at school, at play, or in the laundry. Permanent. Easy to sew on, or apply with No-So Cement. Made in Canada. Order from your dealer or write

Cash's—BELLEVILLE 7, ONTARIO

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side, more than a mile from the grey bulk of Windsor Castle.

One of the first things Princess Elizabeth wished me to see, on the very day after my arrival at the Royal Lodge to begin my duties as tutor to the princesses, was the "Little House" in the garden, the gift of the people of Wales and the favorite toy of both the Princesses. It was only a few days after that, when everything was still new and strange to me, that the Duchess told me that King George and Queen Mary were coming to tea the following Sunday.

From the Duchess' tone and the air of expectancy that spread through the house I realized that a Sunday afternoon call of that sort was not in the ordinary course of events. And I realized, too, that I was deeply concerned in the business, that one object of Their Majesties visit was to see what sort of person I was, to be entrusted with the important task of the education of the two Princesses.

Princess Elizabeth was then just five, and Margaret Rose still an infant. I was 22 and I knew that some people had been saying that I was too young for the job. The Duchess had tried to reassure me on this point, telling me that she and the Duke were agreed that a girl of my age, young enough to share the children's interests and to play as well as work with them, would be a happier companion than someone a generation or more removed from them. Still, I felt that I was on trial, and the trial was not one-sided. Had not the Duchess in the first place invited me to come "to see how we suit each other"?

Although I was charmed by everything at Royal Lodge, I still had a feeling of living in a fairy-tale that would come to an end soon. And that Sunday afternoon will remain in my memory as long as I live. No hint had been given me of the exact time when Their Majesties would arrive, how or where I should be presented to them or what I should wear—and to tell the truth I then had little choice.

I wore that day a simple dress of blue tweed that I had brought from home. Usually on a Sunday afternoon the children walked or played in the garden after lunch, but this time they stayed in the house, so that I found I should have an hour or so to spend alone.

I walked in the woods, trying to picture myself being presented to the King and Queen, rehearsing my answers to the questions that I imagined they would ask, and, above all, teaching myself to curtsy.

In the woods I went from tree to tree, curtsying low before each of them, murmuring "Your Majesty," "Sir" and "Ma'am." Finally, concerned because Their Majesties might arrive at any moment and it was about time for me to return to the house, I hurried out of the wood and was on the edge of the lawn when I saw two unmistakable figures standing there, both watching me. King George and Queen Mary, alone.

Suddenly I felt more lonely than I had ever felt in my life before. Had they seen me curtsying to the trees? Had I ruined all chance of the good impression I dutifully hoped to make on them?

However, it was clear that I must not hesitate, but must go forward to meet them. And I am sure now that what banished my stage fright and made me bold was the sweet smile on the face of Queen Mary.

It was the smile of friendly greeting that I have seen so often since. I have often been given cause to be grateful to Queen Mary, but never more than on that afternoon when she put a shy young girl at ease with her gracious smile.

Queen Mary looked truly regal in a pale blue dress and coat, grey gloves and a grey toque with blue feathers.

She carried a long grey umbrella with a carved handle of ivory. Her jewels were pearls, and, as brooch and earrings, some of the most beautiful aquamarines I have ever seen. The King was in country tweeds, with a soft hat and a walking stick.

"You are Miss Crawford," he said, and I curtsied low to him, then to Queen Mary.

Grand Manner Secret

They talked to me of the children, and of how the garden was growing, making conversation easy for me while they took stock of me. If they were disappointed in my youthfulness, they showed no sign of it.

The King's deep voice, rather louder than I expected but not at all terrifying, was that of a country gentleman. He spoke slowly, in an accent that was refreshingly different from the fashionable metropolitan speech that had seemed so strange, at first, to my northern ears. All my qualms evaporated.

Continued on page 86

...in all her Day Dreams

...a wedding, a home, all her very own. She's wishful about a table aglow with most precious Wallace Sterling. It will be proudly displayed in sculptured "Third Dimension Beauty"—lovingly cherished as her most prized possession.

Famed designer, William S. Warren created these exquisite patterns in full formed sculpture. Each design is lovely from every view—not only in front, but in profile and back as well. Only Wallace Sterling Silver has "Third Dimension Beauty."

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, TORONTO, CANADA

Which of these is your problem, lady?

The discomfort problem
During "those uncomfortable days" of the month, do you wish you could get rid of pins, belts and external pads? Then wear internal Tampax instead, with the assurance there will be no chafing, binding or bunching, none whatever!

The meeting-your-public problem
You may trust Tampax to cause no odor. Also there's no fear of ridges or edge-lines under dress or skirt.

The disposal problem
Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes in slender one-time applicators. It's so compact that a full month's average supply goes into purse. Naturally, disposal is no problem.

The tub-and-shower problem
Tampax is quickly and easily changed and you can't even feel it when in place. No need to remove the Tampax during the daily bath.

The economy problem
Buy Tampax at drug or notion counter in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy box lasts 3 months (average). Canadian Tampax Corporation Ltd., Brampton, Ontario.

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CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED, Brampton, Ontario.
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. (Size checked below.)
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR
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KEEP A CORNER FOR

A KITCHEN GARDEN

BY HELEN O'REILLY

Has it occurred to you that the way to a man's hoe is through his stomach? Many a man who considers gardening strictly a spectator sport, and who is quite convinced that "you can buy all the fresh vegetables you want for 50 cents," can be eased out of that deck chair and onto the business end of a spade by the lure of good eating.

My suggestion is that you plant just a fraction of your garden this spring in those vegetables that simply taste like a different creation when they reach the pot within an hour of picking or pulling for, at the first melting mouthful of green peas or slender sweet carrots, I can guarantee you a new respect for your gardening efforts. As to corn on the cob fresh from the back garden—the trouble is you will never be allowed to bring the boughten kind into the house again!

On the assumption that you are starting from scratch, I am suggesting vegetables that need the minimum in space and care and, if you *are* starting from scratch—especially with the desolation surrounding a brand - new house—my earnest advice is to scratch well and truly, fertilizing as you go. Every garden plot is improved by manure—hard clayey soil is loosened by it, loose sandy soil is bound by it, and good earth is enriched by it. If our machine age appears to have removed all hope of getting the precious stuff in your immediate vicinity, put a couple of bushel baskets in the back of the car on the next fine April day and drive into the country until you find a friendly farmer to fill it for you at a small price.

Don't be afraid to ask—most farmers are vastly entertained by the enthusiasm of "city folk"—and make two or three trips if you can! Should this ruse fail, however, you can resort to commercial fertilizers to enrich your earth, using roughly three pounds to a hundred square feet. These fertilizers supply in various proportions, as the packages show, the three essentials which should be present in your soil for successful gardening as follows: six per cent nitrogen for good foliage, seven per cent phosphorus to nurture seed and fruit, and six per cent potash to develop strong roots. Lacking manure, loosen heavy clay soil by digging in sand, or, if your soil is sandy, dig in peat moss to hold it together, then rake in fertilizer. If your plot has a greenish look, it needs lime to "sweeten" it so, before you do anything to it, scatter lime over it liberally (five pounds to a hundred square feet), then go ahead with the manure or fertilizer.

Once you have done your best for your soil, all that your vegetables need to reach perfection is air, sunlight, and water. The first, thank heaven, is never in short supply; for the second, choose the sunniest place in your garden and run your rows *north and south* (unless your sunny spot happens to be on a slope, in which case run the rows *across* the incline, for if you run them up and down it, the moisture will drain off too quickly) and place taller things like corn and tomatoes at the north end of the bed so that the shorter stuff will not stand in their shade; as to water, vegetables thrive on it but, paradoxically enough, they will not grow in ground that is perpetually soggy, the roots actually "drown" for lack of air

Continued on page 93

THE ONLY SPRAY THAT'S GUARANTEED*

ODO·RO·NO

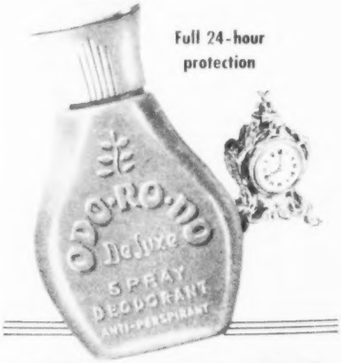
The only deodorant that's guaranteed to guard your daintiness with every gentle squeeze of the new ODO-RO-NO Spray Bottle!

Remember . . . each plastic bottle is thoroughly pre-tested to assure you of a misty ODO-RO-NO Spray, *always!*

- **ODO-RO-NO is the *only* guaranteed deodorant**
- **ODO-RO-NO is *completely* harmless to fabrics**
- **ODO-RO-NO is *safer* on your skin**

**Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new ODO-RO-NO Spray is the best spray deodorant you've ever used. Just return the unused portion to Northam Warren, Montreal, Quebec.*

Full 24-hour protection



ODO·RO·NO

The deodorant without a doubt

LUCIEN LELONG

SPRING and SUMMER

Cologne

$1.75 each

Wake up — it's Spring!

available also in "SOLID" a stick cologne

$1.25 and $2.25

HAIR IS YOUR VANITY

Continued from page 6

Excessive dandruff is anything but pretty. Try to overcome any tendency to nerves or tension. Eat a high-vitamin diet. Your plan for chasing dandruff should include firm massage with the cushions of your fingers, to stimulate circulation. Brush your hair 100 strokes a day, and feel the bristles reach right down to your scalp. Keep brushes and combs immaculately clean. Use a good dandruff correction tonic. Shampoo thoroughly, working in the suds with a child's toothbrush; rinse again and again with a strong tap spray.

Long-Hair Treatment

Just because your hair is growing, don't stop seeing your hairdresser. Your hair needs to be shaped and thinned from time to time to keep it from acquiring that ragmop look. Surprisingly, longer hair is far easier to handle if it is given a permanent, either at your salon or at home. The side wings particularly need body and softness so they will not seem drawn and overly severe. The constantly improved home permanents are ideal for the new hair length, for they provide a soft, natural-looking wave.

This spring you not only add new hair to your head—you add new color, too. Make-up for your hair is very new, very high fashion. And it says flattering things of any woman's looks. Point up the natural gleam of your tresses with a harmless color rinse which washes out at the next shampoo. Try spraying on your color rinse from a plastic squeeze bottle. If you prefer a more lasting color investigate the color blends, the ravishing tints and improved dye processes.

This is certainly the season to take new pride in your hair. To train the curls into contour, to color-change the drab to the dramatic. ✚

OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUES

Continued from page 15

sympathy and gentleness, of a low voice and gracious courtesy.

Femininity has taken a beating in our crowded lives. We seem to be determined to suppress our womanly qualities in favor of a sort of neuter gender—not quite masculine, but certainly not feminine.

There they are, the precious intangibles we choose to call the old-fashioned virtues. Have they any place in our practical day-to-day living? From the look of things we think they are needed as never before.

So why not, this spring, take your life in your own two hands and suffuse it with the glow of womanliness? And if you are the type who needs a sternly realistic pitch, well, we have that too—natural curls may lose their spring—a whistle-bait figure thickens a mite. But a pleasing, low-pitched voice is a lifelong asset, and the woman who takes a graceful stand against the years is young at 80. No one could promise more than that. ✚

CENTURY-OLD BEAUTY CARE

Makes Modern Hair-dos Lovelier!

Hair Styled by Bergdorf Goodman Beauty Salon

LOVELY HAIR crowns today's smart miss with shimmering glory, thanks to a secret her great grandmother knew—the magic softness of pure Castile shampoo.

Even in great grandmother's day it was the world's most highly recommended shampoo. She made it herself by dissolving Conti pure castile soap, imported since 1836.

Because of the demand by American women for this fine shampoo in liquid form, Conti developed today's famous Conti Castile Shampoo . . . containing pure imported olive oil to bring out full natural hair loveliness.

Perfect in cleansing action, it is the first choice of leading beauty authorities. Its natural oils guard the health of your scalp, leave hair silky-soft, lustrous and in better condition to take and hold its wave.

Safe for frequent use with every type of hair. Conti is recommended even for young children and for all the family. It will not streak grey or bleached hair, requires no conditioning agents and does not dry the scalp.

Try Conti—its regular use will protect your hair and make it lovelier.

Conti *Shampoo*

PURE CASTILE

Now also available in Canada.

Here's the high sign

for cloud-soft comfort in briefs and panties!

A QUALITY GARMENT MADE FROM V RAYON VISCOSE RAYON

HERE it is at last . . . a Label that clearly identifies lovely briefs and panties made of Viscose Rayon! Look for this Label . . . because Viscose Rayon gives so many of those properties you want in dainty knitted underthings; absorbency . . . flexibility . . . fit . . . and softness . . . you enjoy sheer comfort in all weathers. Undies made of Viscose Rayon knitted fabric are a joy to wear . . . easy to wash . . . need no ironing. And they're long-wearing, too!

Always look for the *V-Rayon label. It means comfort and value for you.

Many Leading Manufacturers Use Viscose Rayon

You'll find the V-Rayon Label on quality garments made by the following:

Eaton Knitting
Harvey Woods
Moodie's
Watson's

A QUALITY GARMENT V RAYON VISCOSE RAYON

*VISCOSE RAYON
— the Universal Fibre.

Published by Courtaulds (Canada) Limited
producers of viscose rayon yarn and staple fibre

BEAUTY

The cosmetic people are making it easier and easier for you to home perm your hair. One well-known home kit now carries a new type of curler. Thanks to its new design it's a matter of flicking the finger to wind the curler to the scalp and lock it in place. Comes in standard sizes as well as a junior size for those wispy worrisome ends at the neck.

There's another, entirely new perm specially created for those of you with hair that's just high-collar length. This is a pincurl perm—that's right, you put up the pin curls, hold them with special hairpins. Gives you a lovely soft wave in jig time.

Any day now, you'll be discovering a new ally at the beauty counters—indelible lipstick. Apply it as of old, wait for a few moments until the color sets. The stuff will stay and stay till you deliver a knockout blow with soap and water.

Now your finger tips can glitter with tiny, light-catching jewels. It's frankly fake, but lots of fun. You can try one alone, or decorate all 10. Brush on your favorite shade of nail polish plus a layer of topcoat. Then drop a little jewel on each nail, press down and let it dry. They don't come off even when you wash your hands—give a twinkle to your every gesture.

When your powder puff looks even slightly soiled, launder it or throw it away. The horrible dirty ones some women rub into their skins daily make the term "fresh make-up" a travesty.

Those first wonderful week-end trips aren't far away. If you're always stumped on what to take your hostess, here we are with the very thing: a neat pack of three quality soaps bubbling over with a famous fragrance.

Remember the line from that popular song, "Gold, silver and gold . . . on the street of dreams." Look as dreamy as you wish with a new eye

KNOWN *quality...*
PROVEN *value...*

THINK TWICE *and you'll buy...*

PRINCESS PAT HAIR NETS

Not a hair out of place

save the premium coupons

BRIEFS

shadow of silver or of gold. Makes your glance a precious one.

If Suzy's braids are overlong—or if Suzy's 12 and agitating for a shoulder crop—here's how to handle the job with least fuss. Part her hair in even sections, tying each with scotch tape at the point where you plan on cutting. Check that the tapes line up all round her head, then clip each section with a single snip of the scissors right at the edge of the tapes. Using this professional trick you'll find dismembered hair will not fall apart, and there are no loose combings. Once you have the hair the proper length, you can go ahead and taper it.

Keyed to the prevailing fragile look is a subtle peach-bloom make-up, a tinted foundation and powder combined. It doesn't spill, and requires no moisture to apply.

If that delicate area round your eyes seems bent on wrinkling early, you'll find a specially compounded eye cream worth while. It is best left on overnight. As you fingerprint it on, remember that a little goes a long way.

There's a new lipstick on the market with an extra special Extra . . . a cooling, pleasant mint flavor built right in. Wonderful to use on muggy summer morns. The color is wonderful too—a warm pink with a touch of gold.

If you are self-conscious about freckles, brown spots or age-revealing lines on your hands try a no-rub-off hand make-up, a cream in four exquisite skin tones, to veil your hands and arms in beauty. Protective, too, for it contains concentrated lanolin.

There's a new liquid shampoo packaged in an appealing plastic bottle that cannot break. Shampoo lathers like a charm, leaves your hair pliable . . . gleaming . . . pleasantly scented with a well-known perfume.

RHONDA FLEMING, co-starring in "THE REDHEAD AND THE COWBOY" A Paramount Picture says:

"SOLO Grip-tite® BOB PINS keep my hair-do always lovely"

Look lovely as the stars! Set your hair with SOLO's newest Grip-tite Bob Pins. They're longer . . . stronger . . . won't slip! So satiny-smooth . . . they don't catch or scratch! Certified laboratory tests prove SOLO Bob Pins hold the hair better. Buy the best—SOLO Grip-tite—they cost no more. Retails: 10c and 25c per card.

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EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

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G5-3

QUEEN MARY

Continued from page 81

The Duke and Duchess joined us, with the children. As we all turned and went into the house I noticed that Queen Mary carried no handbag. That alone would have been a mark of distinction in an age when few women know what to do with their hands unless they have a bag to hold. Queen Mary always insists on having her hands free for the proper disposal of gloves and parasol, and for greetings. How many women without a handbag can contrive always to look as if they had just left the dressing-table? Queen Mary makes discreet use of lipstick and powder, but if you ask me how she keeps spick-and-span all day long, without a handbag, I can only reply that it is part of the grand manner.

It was late spring when I met Queen Mary for the first time. A few days later, while I was still at the Royal Lodge, I was told that "of course" I should be at Princess Elizabeth's sixth birthday party at Windsor Castle. To me it was by no means a matter of course, but a very exciting event because I would meet nearly every member of the Royal Family.

But under the friendly eyes of Queen Mary and the Duchess of York (as Queen Elizabeth was then) I soon felt there was nothing to be afraid of. They presented me to their relatives in the Red Drawing-Room. Then the birthday cake was cut, and the six-year-old Princess touched me deeply by bringing over to me a favor from the cake—a small spray of white heather. It was a beautiful gesture, for we had known each other only a few weeks.

Queen Mary watched Princess Elizabeth with a quiet smile. Our eyes met, and I felt that Queen Mary was accepting me, as her little granddaughter already had done.

I still have that spray of heather, tied with pink ribbon.

In Chatelaine for May "Craufie" tells of Queen Mary's first love, which ended in tragedy six weeks after her engagement to the Prince of Wales, and of how she later found a new love and new happiness with the future King George V.

(Chatelaine gratefully acknowledges the permission granted to draw material from the works of the following authors: Herbert Seaman, British journalist, who has done much authoritative research on the period of Queen Mary's life. John Gore, author of the official biography, "King George V," and his publisher, John Murray. Louis Wulff, author of "Her Majesty Queen Mary," and his publishers Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. Kathleen Woodward, author of "Queen Mary." Eyre & Spottiswoode, Ltd., publishers of "Queen Mary" by the late Sir George Arthur. Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., publishers of "Life of Her Majesty Queen Mary," by the late Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke.)

HEAVENLY BODY

Continued from page 75

"Please," pleaded Lola, her hand on his arm. Jim sat down grimly.

Lola turned to Whitehead.

"A nice speech, Mike. But I'm confused about so many things. I've got the notion you're making a fortune from my pictures and maybe I'm just a fad and had better get my share now."

Jim looked up approvingly.

"Better read your contract," responded Whitehead. "You're tied tight."

Jim started to rise again. Lola restrained him.

"Maybe you're right, Mike," she said. "Two thousand is a lot of money."

Whitehead smiled and relaxed.

"But," continued Lola, "if I'm going to continue to work at these prices I might as well be comfortable. The contract doesn't say anything about my size or weight." She turned. "Henri, bring me a double order of foie gras."

Whitehead's brow furrowed.

When Lola said she'd have a side order of spaghetti and ravioli with that special Larue sauce, the president of Sunset Pictures began to pale.

"You ungrateful little soda jer—"

He stopped abruptly. Jim was on his feet again.

Whitehead went down as everybody else in the room stood up.

Whitehead looked up groggily. Unhappy as he was, he was still further pained to hear Jim.

"Henri, bring the lady the roast pork with apple sauce and dumplings—"

Through the haze Whitehead saw five million dollars swimming out of his pocketbook on a wave of calories.

Jim turned to Lola, still making himself clearly heard throughout the crowded and attentive room. "I couldn't ask you to marry me before, but now we're both out of a job and I can. And I'll still love you if you get to weigh a ton and have to travel in a truck!"

He looked down at Whitehead and nudged him with his toe. "Get up—and get out!"

Whitehead felt he was dealing with two maniacs. He shook his head and weaved to his feet.

"Five thousand a week if you'll forget this insanity," indicating the menu, "and come back to work."

"It's a deal," smiled Lola. Jim looked at her. It was the look of a kicked dog. He turned and walked out.

"It's a deal," repeated Lola hurriedly, "provided Jim produces my pictures from now on."

"Anything . . . anything," Whitehead moaned in complete surrender. He added plaintively, "But he's got to stop knocking me down . . . and in public."

"I'll be in to sign the contract tomorrow," Lola called over her shoulder, for she, too, was on her way out.

As she reached the door she turned and smiled brightly at the fascinated diners.

Lola caught up with Jim in the parking lot.

"Okay, Lola," he said quietly. "You get what you wanted."

"I'm not going back unless you go with me," she said. "I'm what you made me. I was nothing before you found me and I'll be nothing if you leave me. Whitehead knows it too. He wants you back. He said it takes a madman to handle a mad woman."

"You're doing pretty well on your own." Jim started to get into his roadster.

Lola grabbed his shoulders.

"You know I don't want the money. All I want is you, you—woman hater!"

"Woman hater?" echoed Jim.

"Yes, and you're throwing me over because you made me make a lot of money. You can produce pictures as good as Mike Whitehead, or better."

"Yes, but what's that got to do with—"

"Just this. I wasn't kidding Whitehead. I can't last long as a star. It doesn't work that way. But if I—which means we—get a stake now, you can go ahead and make your own pictures and I can quit acting and—you do like children, don't you, Jim?"

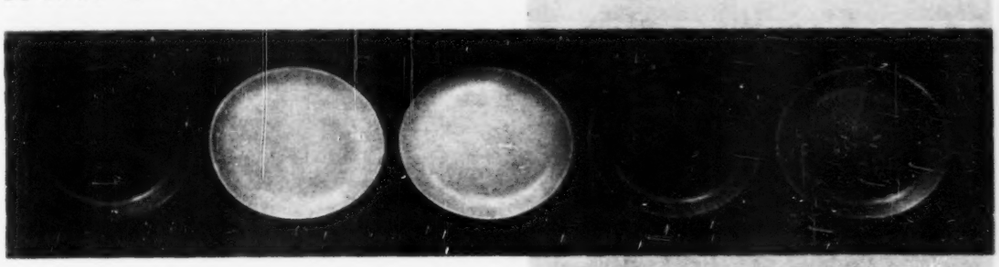
"You've got it all figured out, haven't you." But Jim's sternness was melting again. He still averted his gaze.

"Look at me, Jim."

Jim knew if he looked again he'd lost another decision. He looked.

"Jim," she said, and she said it slow and dreamy like, and snuggled into his arms right there by Jim's little red convertible in the middle of the parking lot. "Jim, could we start right away to Yuma? And Jim"—her voice was sweet music—"I've got a secret to tell you. I think it must be because I've dieted so long. These last days have been terrible. I just can't stand big meals any more. Another five minutes and Whitehead would have won. I couldn't have eaten roast pork and dumplings at the point of Red Ryder's six-shooter."

THE BEAUTIFUL NECESSITY! Beautiful color and fine design characterize the new CARNIVAL Ware by Sovereign. Lush contrasting colors provide a delightful setting for a party or for every day. A complete table service available in sets and open stock at fine stores across Canada.



CARNIVAL Ware

SOVEREIGN POTTERS
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HAMILTON, ONTARIO

The triplets get together to talk children. From the left: Josie and daughter Catherine, Jerry and daughter Margaret, Jackie and Georgia.

DO'S AND DON'TS — IN TRIPLICATE

Chatelaine's Child Health Clinic goes calling on the Reddall triplets and their three lively young ones. The answers to their problems may help you, too

Whenever young mothers get together the talk is sure to turn to child-care problems, and no exception are Mrs. E. S. Lewis, Mrs. Robert Kennedy and Mrs. Arnold Kennedy of Toronto. In fact these three pretty young wives take even more interest than most in comparing notes on how their children are developing, for they themselves are not only sisters but triplets.

The Reddall triplets, the newspapers called them when Jerry, Jackie and Josie were born 23 years ago; and while all three are now married and beginning to raise families of their own, they are as close as ever. In fact, Jackie and Josie married brothers and live together; and since Jerry lives not far away the three sisters frequently gather at one home or the other, each with her baby daughter. And inevitably while the "triplet cousins" are playing about they also get talked about.

Chatelaine dropped in on one of the sister sessions the other day, made notes on some of the real-life problems the triplets have encountered in raising three normal, healthy youngsters—and then called on Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson, director of Chatelaine's own Child Health Clinic, for the answers. Here are the questions and the answers for the benefit of the Reddall girls, and all other readers who have toddlers in the 11-to-20-month range.

Josie's baby Catherine is the youngest, 11 months old, plump and placid, sporting four tiny white teeth and thick dark hair. Catherine says single words, is learning to drink from a cup but has made few attempts to stand or talk.

"She's pretty heavy for her age," said Josie—"30 pounds. I don't know whether to encourage or discourage her trying to walk."

Dr. Robertson says: A youngster won't stand of her own accord 'til she is able, and shouldn't be encouraged or discouraged.

Never neglect a toe splinter

Any splinter can lead to infection. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the injury properly. Then put on BAND-AID*, the adhesive bandage that stays put, even on hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

Caution: Remember, not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID.

*BAND-AID means made by Johnson & Johnson Limited.

Physical activity will tend to curb her weight gain. Catherine should have a play-pen to scramble around in and should be in it most of the time she is awake. She is a good deal heavier than an average child her age, but she may also be taller than average as well. Talk over your child's weight with your physician—he may think it wise to reduce the fat in her meals.

"Catherine has just four teeth," Josie said, "and the others seem a bit slow coming in."

Dr. Robertson says: The average child of 11 months has about five teeth so your child is not appreciably behind here. There is considerable variation among normal children in regard to teething and you have nothing to worry about in this connection.

Jackie's blond and blue-eyed Georgia is 19 months.

"I'm not worrying about it," Josie said, "but I am curious to know just when toilet training should be started and completed."

Dr. Robertson says: If she has a bowel movement fairly regularly at one particular time each day you would be wise to put her on a toilet chair shortly before that time. A toilet chair is preferable to a small seat on a toilet where her feet dangle in the air. If her movements occur at irregular times you should delay your training until they show some regularity.

Also, the movements need to be fairly well-formed. Leave her on her chair for five minutes or so. Say "chair" or "toilet" when you put her on so that she will gradually learn to associate the word with this activity. When she does co-operate let her know quietly that she has done what you wanted her to do. If she has a second movement later in the day do not expect to catch that one too. And don't expect results too soon—she will learn in time. If putting her on the chair seems to cause her to have irregular or frequent movements, give up your training program for a few weeks, then try again. If you get annoyed or impatient with her you will not get along as well as you might.

Just take things as they come—don't get wrought up about apparent backsliding. About two thirds of children achieve complete bowel control by the age of two. Don't start training her in bladder control until she is at least 12 to 15 months of age but change her diapers promptly when she gets wet. Complete bladder control is not usually achieved until between three and four years of age.

"Sometimes," Jackie said, "Georgia goes off her food for a day or two. I haven't scolded or coaxed but I have wondered if I am wise in not doing something about it. Twenty-five pounds is not very heavy for 19 months."

Dr. Robertson says: Georgia's weight is fine for her age. The fact that she's good-tempered and lively would indicate that she is in good health even though she often isn't hungry. Children of this age are growing rather slowly and consequently their appetites tend to be small. Also she is probably cutting some more of her teeth and this often takes the edge off the appetite. Some days you are hungrier than others and your youngsters feel the same way about their food. You are very wise to ignore Georgia's lack of appetite, as you can be sure such a youngster will eat as

Continued on page 94

Something New.

FOR YOUR NEW BABY

Heinz has lately introduced a new Pre-Cooked Barley Cereal which means that Heinz now offers three Baby Cereals . . . each one different . . . each with a distinct and tempting flavour of its own . . . all three especially made to provide better-balanced nourishment for that tiny growing baby of yours.

Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereals are made from some of the choicest selected whole grains grown in Canada. Heinz Pre-Cooked Oatmeal Mixture and Heinz Pre-Cooked Barley Cereal are single-grain cereals, while Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereal Food is a skilfully blended mixture of wheat, corn, and oats. Because the grains are finely ground, thoroughly cooked and evenly strained, Heinz Cereals are light, smooth-textured, easy to digest. Generous amounts of extra nutrients have been added—iron to keep baby's blood healthy . . . calcium for strong, straight bones and sound teeth . . . body-building proteins and minerals, and important members of the Vitamin B Complex.

The more experience your baby has with different foods and flavours, the better will be his food habits all through childhood. So vary your infant's diet early with all three Heinz Cereals. They're easy to prepare—just add warm milk or formula and stir! And they're so good! You know they're good—because they're Heinz.

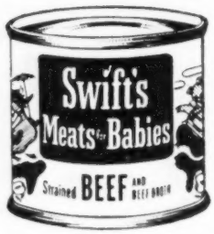
HEINZ BABY FOODS

Smart mothers know

it's never too soon to start*

...feed Swift's Meats for Babies every day!

* In test feedings, even tiny premature infants thrived on Swift's Meats for Babies! Other tests show babies who get meat every day build greater resistance to colds and infections! That's because meat is a recognized protective food. Doctors say even the youngest baby needs the complete proteins and iron that meat supplies. So you see, it's never too soon to start Swift's Meats for Babies. They're prepared so carefully, strained soft and smooth—easy for baby to digest. Treat your baby to a variety of tempting kinds. Ready to serve—at half the cost of home-prepared meats! Also Swift's Chopped Meats for Juniors.



All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association

SWIFT ...*Makers of the only 100% meats for babies in Canada*

ENJOY YOUR BABY

Babies do better both physically and emotionally when they are petted and hugged. So don't be afraid to pick your baby up, talk to him, carry him around and cuddle him. If he wants a meal a half hour too early, let him have it. If he sleeps in, feed him when he wakes and gradually take up the "slack" at his other meals. Enjoy him quietly and he'll be all the better for it.

You'll find it easier to enjoy your baby if you can be relaxed about him if you understand his needs and the progress of his development.

Constipation

One of the first things a new mother worries about is her child's bowel movements. Very young babies usually have several movements per day. As they grow older the number decreases. Later on, breast-fed babies may occasionally miss two or three days. However, when the movement does come it is perfectly normal. Also baby is quite comfortable and normal in the interval. This isn't constipation, and nothing need be done about it.

Bottle-fed babies are more likely to have firm dry movements if they miss a day or so, and such movements may cause discomfort when they are passed. Many physicians give these babies a teaspoon of prune juice before or after their 6 p.m. feedings. For older babies, prune puree is more effective. Milk of magnesia in $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon doses, depending on the baby's age, is also a possible method of overcoming this tendency to constipation. When cereal and vegetables are added to his meals the movements often become softer. Extra orange juice or water are helpful.

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Director

So you have a new house!

And a lovely new bathroom which you want to keep always sparkling clean. Then you should get Sani-Flush at once. For Sani-Flush is the one cleaner that millions of careful housekeepers depend on to clean the toilet bowl thoroughly.

Sani-Flush does the work chemically. No messy scrubbing. Sani-Flush also disinfects and removes invisible film which harbors germs. Just follow directions on can. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

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Rinse Hair Off Legs In 5 Minutes

. . . without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

Amazing improvement—is the new Neet with *lanolin*. Creamy, pleasantly scented, Neet works faster, better. You simply spread Neet on, rinse off in 5 minutes, then thrill to the super-smooth feel of your lovely hair-free legs . . . to their sleek as satin look. Neet removes hair *closer* to the follicle itself to avoid prickly razor-stubble. And just see—each time you use Neet—how long it keeps your skin hair-free! Get Neet Cream Hair Remover today at drug or cosmetic counters.

Diarrhoea

Frequent loose movements are typical of this condition. Infections anywhere in the body, such as colds or intestinal diseases, are the most common causes of it. All degrees of diarrhoea, of course, occur. If your baby develops diarrhoea, it is best to report it to your doctor at once, especially if your baby looks sick, or is drowsy or feverish.

His Bed

A baby soon outgrows his bassinette or basket and then you have to buy him a cot. It is best to choose one with a mattress of layer felt or a spring mattress, as those made of blown cotton are too soft. Besides they soon become lumpy. Also you should buy rubber sheets that are large enough to tuck well in under the mattress. The pads that go on it or the waterproof pads need to be big too, so that they can be tied to the sides of the cot or securely pinned at the corners. You want to anchor all the blankets, sheets, and pads firmly to prevent their coming loose and working up around baby's head.

Blankets and Sleeping Bags

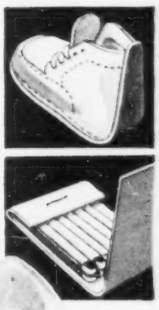
In the cool weather all-wool, rather porous blankets are good because they are light but warm. Large knitted shawls are also good and you can use several of them if extra warmth is needed. Their porosity makes them safer.

The zipper, tie-down type of sleeping bag is not recommended. When the zipper is done up the bag is too tight around baby's neck and this is not without its dangers. Also the bag limits his movements too much and this is objectionable on psychological grounds. You can make a sleeping bag at home out of a thin old blanket or a thick flannelette sheet. Don't put his shoulders in and leave the top of the middle seam open, so that you can pin it together snugly with several big safety pins. Pin it at the back between his shoulder blades, well beyond his reach. He will need to wear a sweater or two to keep his shoulders warm, and mitts may be necessary as well if his room becomes really cool at night.

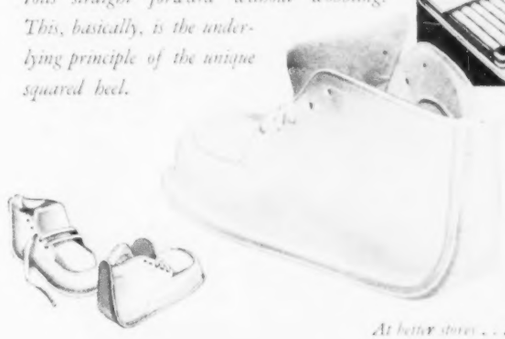
Baby doesn't require a pillow and it is safer not to use one. More babies are overdressed than clad too lightly. If he perspires when he is quiet, you know you have too much clothing on him.

During the first month of his life a

Jumping-Jacks are especially designed for a child's first steps: The rounded heel, *straight* across the full width, helps keep the tiny feet straight. Moccasin toes give plenty of room to grow. The continuous sole extending up the back of the heel, gives support just where it's needed.



Balance an ordinary match book on its fold . . . let it fall forward. Note how it rolls straight forward without wobbling. This, basically, is the underlying principle of the unique squared heel.



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When your carton of 100 Gladiolus bulbs and 3 extra Tuberoses arrives pay postman only $1.69 plus C.O.D. postage. Remember, these bulbs must develop to your satisfaction or your money will be refunded. But hurry! Send in your order today. This is a bargain you'll hate to miss.

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Why "carrot" is spelled with an a

This is not a lesson in spelling, but one in nutrition. That "a"—did you guess it?—stands for Vitamin A. Carrots have what it takes to help babies and adults get this important vitamin.

Another "a" that rates with us is the one found in "ah!" How we love to hear small babies say it! We coax it out of them every chance we get by making our Vegetables, Fruits, Soups and Desserts as pleasing as possible. It isn't always easy, but we can do it because making baby foods is our business, our *only* business.

Next time you shop, linger a while over the baby foods section and see how completely Gerber's fills your baby's needs—four Starting Cereals plus 18 varieties of Strained Foods.

Our latest is Rice Cereal. Ask your doctor if your brand new baby is ready for this new "starting" cereal. It's precooked and strained, has the true rice flavour all babies enjoy.

Write for free samples of our "Quads" (4 Cereals). Address Dept. A4 Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.

Babies are our business... our only business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS

NOW MADE IN CANADA!

baby cannot control his body temperature efficiently. Consequently his surroundings should be warm—68 degrees is about the right temperature for his room in the daytime and about 65 degrees at night. After one month of age his room may be allowed to become cooler during the night—so that by one year it can be as low as 45 degrees if you like.

Sleeping

Unfortunately we can't regulate baby's sleeping schedule—all we can do is provide conditions favorable for sleep. A young baby sleeps most of the time that he isn't eating or being washed and dressed. As he grows older he wakens up in the latter part of the morning and afternoon. Sometime between the ages of 12 and 18 months he will probably give up one of his daytime naps. At this age he will be eating three meals a day, and your aim is to train him to sleep after his noon meal.

Often he gets very sleepy in the late morning and it is hard to keep him from dropping off. If this is the case, you would be wise to give him his midday meal early for a while until he is able to stay awake comfortably until noon. All through you will find your training will be easier if you make changes gradually and adopt them to suit his behavior.

Sleeping Outdoors

It is worth while to arrange for your baby to sleep outdoors because he'll not only sleep more soundly, but he will also eat better and have a far better color. When he is three to four weeks old, provided he is healthy and of normal weight, you can start giving him indoor airings. Dress him up as for going outside, put on some extra bedcovers, open the window wide and shut the door. Of course you'll place his cot where he will not be exposed to a direct draught from the window. Air him for 15 minutes only the first day. If he stays pink and responds well to the stimulus of the cold air, as he likely will, make the airing twice as long the second day, three times as long the third and an hour long on the fourth.

During the colder part of the year it is best to keep up these indoor airings until he is about six weeks old. By then he will be ready to go outdoors in his carriage. Again it is best to leave him outside for short periods for the first few days. Soon, however, he can sleep outside both morning and afternoon, and the roses that he'll develop on his cheeks will reward you for the added trouble of hauling his carriage in and out. As the weather becomes nicer he can go out after all three of his daytime feedings.

When it is raining or very blowy, it is best for him to sleep indoors. In a damp climate he should not sleep outside when the temperature drops below 20 degrees—unless the day is bright and sunny. The sun raises the air temperature many degrees so put his carriage in the sun, but see that it does not shine on his face, as sunburn should be avoided. Where the climate is dry, babies can sleep outside when the temperature is lower, but no general rules can be laid down and you will have to obtain advice about this from your physician.

If it is impossible for your baby to sleep outside, see that his sleeping room

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When buying Toys for the youngsters *always ask for*

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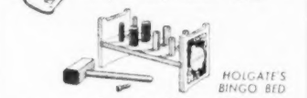

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Attractive Holgate Toys are made from carefully selected Canadian hardwoods. Unlike so many of the toys being sold today, they will not break easily. In fact, they will last through long periods of 'rough and tumble' play. Approved by pediatricians, Holgate Toys are safe, entertaining, and educating. Next time buy a Holgate Toy. Sold at better toy stores everywhere.

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is cool and well ventilated by open windows, and take him out in his buggy as much as you can. Babies that spend all their time in warm houses and flats are pale and poor eaters. Fresh air is a fine tonic for healthy babies.

Sun Baths

After about the middle of February the sun is high enough in the sky to make sun baths valuable. Sometime between 12 noon and 2 p.m. is the best time for them, and you should expose baby's face for only five minutes on the first day. Place him so that the top of his head is toward the sun as in that position his eyes will be sheltered to some extent by his eyebrows. Increase the time by five minutes daily until he is out in the sun for about an hour. You would be wise to sun yourself with him too if you can spare the time. As the weather becomes warmer, you can take off his mitts, push up his sleeves and so on and gradually expose his hands, arms and legs to the sun. Your aim is to get him tanned as soon as possible. In the hot weather he should be sunned before 10 a.m.—in fact on very hot days he should not have a sun bath at all. Instead, place his carriage in a shady place which is exposed to as much blue sky as possible. "Skyshine" is beneficial also. ✚

Next issue —

PROBLEM PLAY FOR PARENTS

Spank your child? Raise him strictly according to the psychology book? Trust to plain horse sense . . . ?

Nine hundred Canadian parents recently joined 40 psychologists in an absorbing new experiment in child study. You'll read all about it in Chatelaine for May—and take part in the experiment yourself through Chatelaine's startling photo-presentation of this "Problem Play for Parents."

KITCHEN GARDEN

Continued from page 82

—that is why soil must be loose and crumbly, friable as the gardeners say.

So the first thing you do when the great moment for planting arrives is to dig your plot thoroughly. It is impossible to give you a date on this for your particular locality, but I can give you this test: as soon as the earth is soft enough and dry enough not only for you to dig it but for you to be able to rake it smooth, then is the acceptable time to put in the first seed. By the time-honored method of fastening a string to a stick at one end of your row and pulling it taut to a stick at the other, you will get a professionally straight row if you run your rake or hoe along guided by the string. The general principle is to bury seeds four times the depth of their diameter and to plant the rows a good two feet apart, but as you will be weeding by hand, you need just leave enough space between your rows to give yourself room to weed and then to harvest.

And now to get down to brass tacks at last, here, *in the order of their planting*, are the vegetables I have chosen for you to try because I know they are easy to grow and because I think they will be worth, in flavor, every minute you spend on them:

Peas. These go in as soon as the ground is workable and my choice is Little Marvel, a dwarf variety that bears early and profusely and needs no staking; make a furrow about an inch deep with the corner of the hoe, dribble in the peas, cover them over and tamp down the row with the flat of the hoe.

Lettuce. The variety called Oak Leaf or Bronze Beauty makes salads a bit different and it stands hot weather better than most; this goes in the minute the peas are planted and, as the seed is fine as sand, just draw a faint line to mark the row, tear off a corner of the package and tap it gently along the row, then pat it down with the flat of your hand.

Parsley. This goes in early too and about two feet of it will keep you supplied all season if you keep cutting it so that it cannot go to seed; I have dug it out of the deep snow in perfect "quick frozen" condition!

Chives. A clump or two of these spicy stalks is all you need so I suggest you buy one or two roots of it and, here again, if you keep it picked it will last the summer, but it has such an attractive mauve flower you may be tempted to let it grow up; if space for vegetables is short, put the chives with the flowers, they are perennials.

Beets. Because I like the globular ones, I plant Detroit Dark Reds and I make a two-inch-wide, very shallow trench for them with the end of the rake because beet seeds are really flowers or clusters of seeds and so need lots of room. Even so, you will have to thin out your beets when they are the size of large marbles—to me those tiny early beets are the pick of the crop and their leaves are nicer than spinach.

Carrots. Choose any "coreless" variety and sow the fine seed like lettuce; start early to thin the row and you will pull out little pencil-like carrots that are so tender you will eat them raw.

Onions. Get a large bunch of Spanish seedling onions and plant them

Many ordinary soaps, with their strong dyes and perfumes, are too harsh for *your baby's* skin. But Baby's Own Soap is made *especially* for babies — that's why doctors and nurses recommend it as the purest and *safest* you can use. This mild, gentle soap whisks into rich, creamy lather in any kind of water . . . gives your infant *added* protection because it now contains Extract of Lanolin — a bland new ingredient much like the natural oils of baby's own skin, that guards against chapping, chafing and irritation! Baby's Own Soap, followed by soothing Baby's Own Oil and Powder, gives your baby *complete* bathtime care!

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A WORD OF COUNSEL

For everything concerning your child's health and nutrition, it's wise to take him regularly to the doctor. You can make no richer investment in his future than the knowledge and skill of your doctor added to your own loving care.

MEAD'S

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OF CANADA, LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

three inches apart in holes made with the end of rake handle; put them in very early and you can eat them as spring onions, use them for flavoring, and/or let them grow until they are Spanish onion size.

Tomatoes. Six or seven plants will keep you well supplied, so buy the little plants as soon as all fear of frost is past and set them out two feet apart; to play safe, it is wise to cover them for the first few weeks with "hotkaps" (these are cosies of wax paper like an inverted bowl) and when the sun gets really hot, make a little air hole in the top; as the plants grow taller, tie them to stakes and train them to a single stalk by nipping off the "suckers" or new shoots that you will find starting to grow between each leaf and the main stem.

Corn. Try the new brand called Golden Midget Hybrid; plant it three inches apart in several small rows rather than one long one as corn loves company; when the green stalks are six inches high, thin out so they stand nine inches apart, and if you have crows for neighbors, roll the corn in coal tar before you plant it, that is the only scarecrow I know!

Beans. When the last pod of peas has been pulled, dig in the plants and add fertilizer to their space, then plant the new Toperop beans; they are green beans, tender and stringless, and they need no staking.

I never have time to water my kitchen garden so as soon as my vegetables are well up, I keep spreading my grass clippings between the rows as mulch and this keeps the soil from baking hard and discourages the weeds. You may well scorn this lazy method—your gardener's pride may keep you weeding and watering, but one thing is sure, it is your epicure's palate that will keep you vegetable gardening! +

DO'S AND DONT'S

Continued from page 89

much as she needs. If you try to persuade her to eat more you are likely to make matters worse. Plenty of fresh air and exercise outside and a good sleep both in the early afternoon and at night help to keep up appetites.

Youngsters also eat better if you make their helpings small, if they eat by themselves at their own little low table and if they feed themselves as much as possible. It is wise to limit the amount of milk for such a youngster to about one pint a day. Use part of this to make a milk pudding for Georgia's noon meal—then she does not need milk to drink with this, her largest meal of the day. As Georgia is not eating well you should give her no food between meals except about three ounces of orange juice either in the middle of the morning or in the afternoon when she wakes up from her nap.

"Georgia's right ear is perfectly formed but slightly smaller than her left, and it has no opening," said Jackie. "She appears to hear perfectly. I have been told that no operation can be performed until Georgia is old enough to start school. Is this correct?"

Dr. Robertson says: No doubt you have already taken the child on the advice of your own physician to an ear, nose and throat specialist. If not, you certainly should. Frequently such ears are not operated on at all, as the operation does not alter the hearing in that ear. This decision, of course, should be made by an ear specialist. Very often the middle and inner ear are normal or nearly so.

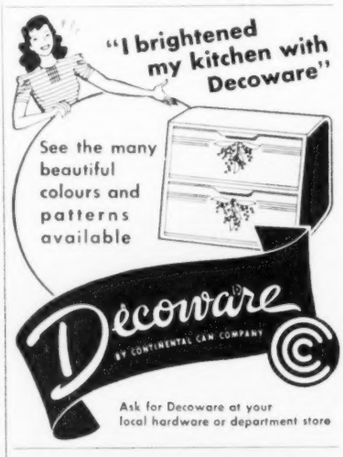
Jerry's daughter Margaret at 20 months has dark brown hair cut in bangs, bright blue eyes and pink cheeks and is surprisingly active for her age. But the slightly bowed look of her fat legs, noticeable when she runs, has been worrying her mother.

"I'm hoping Margaret will grow out of it," Jerry said, "but I've been wondering if she should wear braces?"

Dr. Robertson says: Braces have not been shown to be effective and interfere greatly with the child's normal activities. The bowing nearly always becomes less pronounced as the child grows older provided she eats an excellent diet including a daily dose of fish liver oil.

"About how long should Margaret sleep in the afternoon?" was Jerry's next question.

Dr. Robertson says: About as long as she wants to. You would be wise to give Margaret her midday meal soon after noon so that she starts her nap early. Then she should wake up about three o'clock and have a chance to get some good exercise, preferably outside, for part of the time before supper. If she is too late starting her nap and waking up she may be slow going to sleep at night.



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"Those between-meal bites," Jerry said. "I often wonder what to give Margaret and how much."

Dr. Robertson says: You would be wise to discourage nibbling between meals—and if Margaret sees adults doing this she will want to copy them. Three ounces of unsweetened orange juice would make a good mid-morning snack and she should have this some time during the day anyway. A plain baby biscuit when she wakes up from her nap would be fine or a small glass of tomato juice. Never give her anything to eat within an hour of her next meal. Candies between meals are particularly bad because they increase tooth decay—also, sweet foods dull the appetite markedly. Milk remains in the stomach for two hours or more and therefore is better avoided between meals especially in young children. When Margaret is two years old a piece of raw apple would make a good between-meal snack.

"Just when does one start to spank?" Jerry asked. "Margaret's daddy thinks she is too small, but she's such a lively little imp . . ."

Dr. Robertson says: Spanking should be avoided entirely if possible, and it is rarely of help. Children can be disciplined effectively without the use of force. Some helps in training children might be listed:

Adopt a simple routine and stick to it so that the child learns what is expected of her. Children like routines and soon learn to fit into them.

Let the child have as much free play with suitable playthings as possible. A room of her own and a fenced-in backyard, where she can run off her surplus energy without getting under your feet or damaging anything, are excellent.

Warn her five minutes before the next routine task is due—for example, before taking her to wash her hands. Teach her to do things for herself as soon as she is able, even though you could do them much faster yourself. Keep your orders to the minimum and see that she understands them.

If she is doing something you don't want her to do, suggest something else that she would like to do or that you can both do together. Children are very suggestible and if you can switch her tactfully to some other activity you can avoid a lot of trouble. Use your ingenuity rather than your superior strength. A certain number of tantrums are inevitable. They occur more frequently when children are over-tired and hungry. Tactful handling and plenty of affectionate care help to prevent them.

"And what," Jerry asked, "does one do when a child comes in from playing with other children from whom she has learned to spit and bite? They all seem to pick up these habits somewhere at some time. Is it just a phase or should she be punished?"

Dr. Robertson says: Spitting should be ignored. As for biting—don't give the child an opportunity to bite you. Children under two years don't know how to play with each other. If they can't get along with each other put the aggressor off by herself. She will dislike that a lot more than a slap. In time youngsters this age will learn to play with each other but they will need unobtrusive adult supervision for some years. ✦

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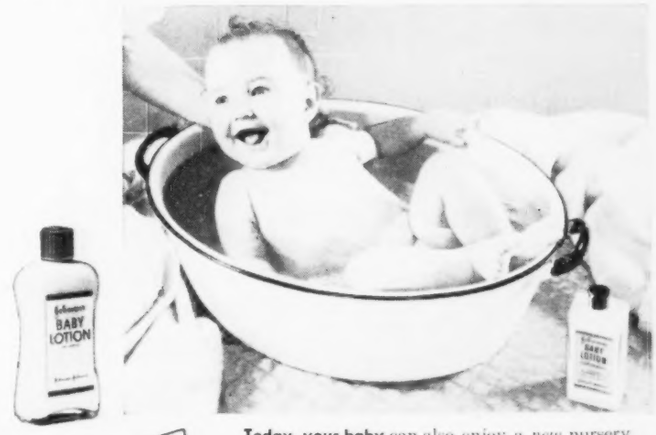
Johnson's BABY POWDER

No wonder babies get excited when mother brings out gentle, soothing *Johnson's Baby Powder!*

For this nursery favorite — preferred by 8 out of 10 mothers — feels cool and soft as daisy petals to tender baby skin. Soothes painful chafes and prickles — helps keep them away!

LOOK WHAT MOM DISCOVERED NOW!



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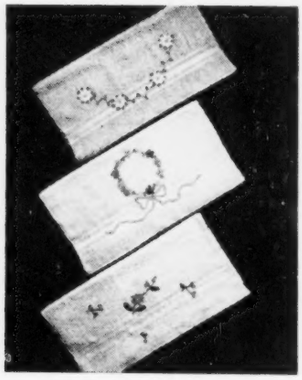
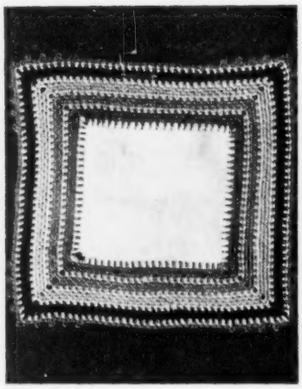
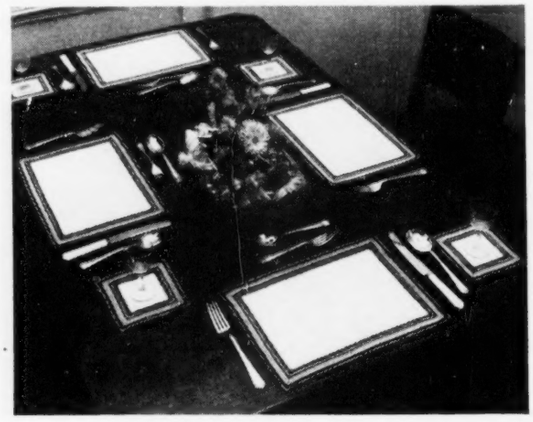
HOMEWORK FOR A CROCHET HOOK



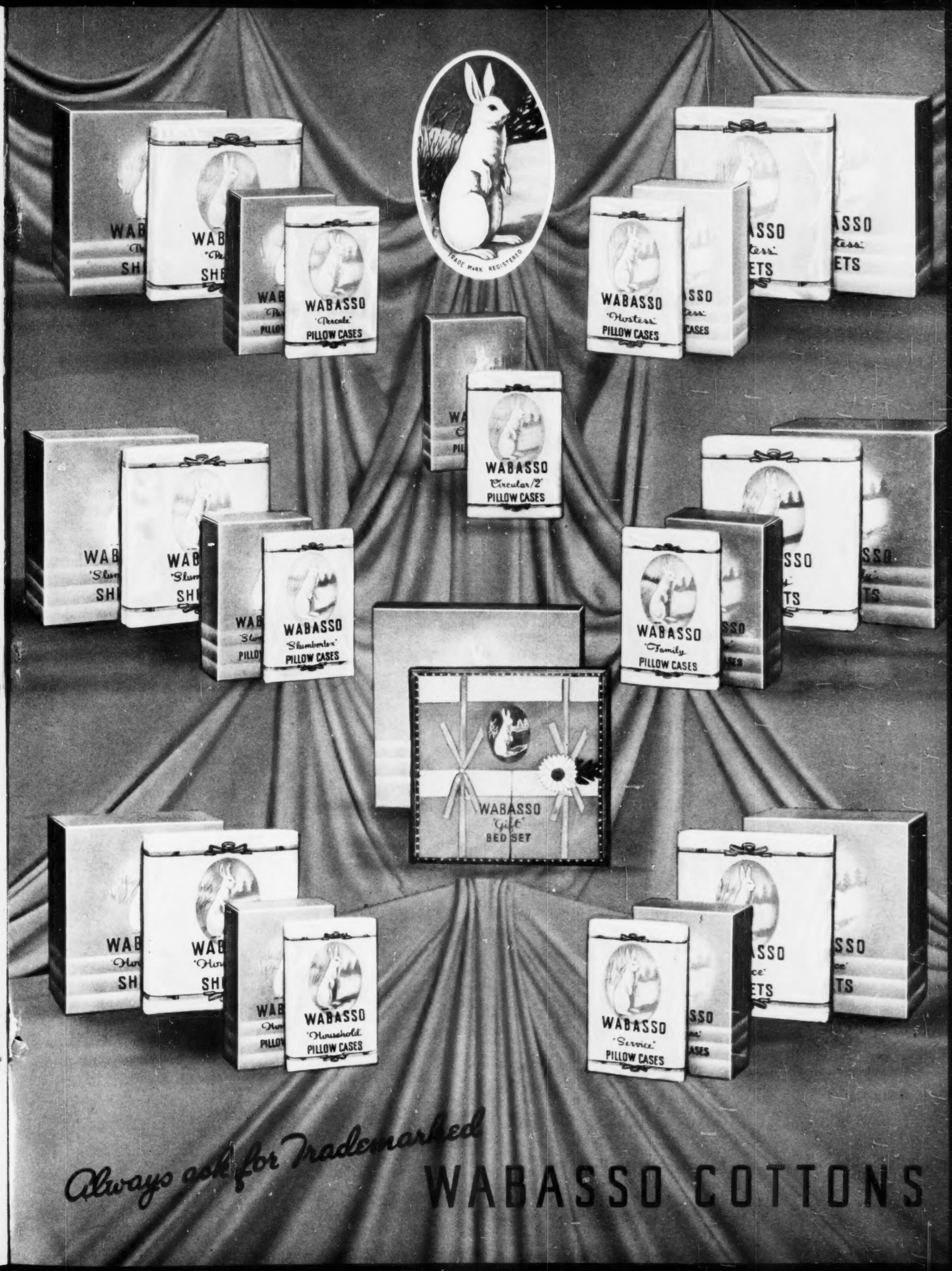
New idea. Use a crochet design in place of embroidery to trim guest towels, pillowslips, lingerie, etc. It's dainty, works quickly, is simple to sew. And you can juggle our three basic floral motifs to make up your own original patterns and color schemes. No. 8255.



A close-up of the handsome luncheon set shown below. Start with a length of linen or homespun, and crochet the wide border in bold peasant shades. It makes a colorful setting for gay modern pottery, or is stunning in tone-on-tone effects with fine china. No. 8256.



Order from Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. Pattern prices, 5 cents each.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